FULL-BLOODED, VIGOROUS, CLEAN.

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 4. [PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.] WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 28, 1908. ONE PENNY.

THE MALTESE CROSS
is printed above the trade-mark on all
BLACK CAT
Pure Matured Virginia—Mild
CIGARETTES
and is our guarantee that the tobacco used is
the famous 1904 crop
—the best ever grown in Virginia.

No finer Virginia Cigarettes can be found anywhere than Black Cat Virginia (with the Maltese Cross). No other Virginia Cigarette contains the tobacco from the 1904 crop, because Carreras bought the lot,—every particle of this fine Virginia Crop lying in this country. This 1904 tobacco has been maturing for four years, and it is now in the finest possible condition—mild, yet full of fragrance.

The taste and aroma of the Maltese Cross Black Cat Cigarettes is a revelation to the Cigarette smoker. Few have tasted the true flavour of real matured Virginia tobacco (we don't mean the rubbish from Virginia) but the full, matured natural flavour of the exquisite 1904 crop. This flavour only happens about once in ten years.

Gosh! You ought to hear the tobacco experts "rave" about the 1904 Virginia—but enough. Just go into your tobacconist's and get Black Cat Virginia with the Maltese Cross. We want you to be the judge.

THE QUEEN'S CHRISTMAS GIFT BOOK.

We present a copy of this interesting Book in exchange for 100 empty packets and paper sealing bands from Black Cat Virginia Cigarettes. Particulars will be sent on application to "The Queen's Gift Book," Carreras, Ltd., 40, St. James' Place, Aldgate, London, E.C.

Black Cat Virginia Cigarettes
(with the Maltese Cross)

✠ Test a Maltese Cross Black Cat with any Virginia Cigarette at any price—we stand by your decision. Do it to-day.

10 for 3d.

✠ Ten Maltese Cross Black Cat Virginia Cigarettes at 3d. are better than any Virginia Cigarettes sold at 10 for 1s. Why waste money?

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BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS

THE GREAT BRAIN AND NERVE TONIC AND RESTORATIVE—SAFE AND SPEEDY.

A sustaining and life-giving element remarkable in its powers of curing and relieving all the Brain and Nervous Affections individually known as

Headache	Nervousness	Neurasthenia	Neuralgia	Hysteria
Insomnia or Sleeplessness	Irritability	Morbid Forebodings	Dizziness	Despondency or Depression and
Brain Fag	Nervous Palpitations	Faintness	Trembling	General Brain and
Lassitude	Nervous Indigestion	Melancholia	Restlessness	Nerve Exhaustion.
Vague Fears	Loss of Memory	Inability to Concentrate the Mind	Moroseness	
	Neuritis		Nervous Debility	

OF ALL CHEMISTS, STORES, &c., 1/1½, 2/6, 4/6.

WHY THE BRAIN AND NERVES NEED PHOSPHORUS.

THE Physiologist tells us that every man, woman and child, with all their peculiarities of form and heredity, is composed of so much of one element and so much of another, and that when any one constituent falls below the normal standard serious complications ensue.

Free (or unoxidised) Phosphorus, whose chief seat or situation is in the Brain, is one of the most important elements contained in our bodies. Without Free Phosphorus there can be no thought, and very probably no life.

One thing is proved beyond doubt—that the degree of intellectual thought depends upon the amount of Free Phosphorus in the brain, and just as the Phosphorus is unduly wasted, so does the brain power weaken.

The action of Phosphorus in the human system may be briefly stated as the element of activity in the brain and nervous system. As the muscular and body structures require gelatine, fibrine, and earthy matter for their support and sustenance, so does the brain require the one element—Phosphorus—for its renewal and preservation. If the expenditure of nervous force exceeds its normal amount, the store of Phosphorus is diminished, and until its deficiency is made good vital action languishes; the brain and the whole of the bodily organs act with a waning vigour.

One of the ugliest features of our complex civilisation is the alarming prevalence of what is styled "Nervous breakdown."

Its causes are only too well known; but only recently has the full import of the part Free Phosphorus plays come to be recognised. The habits, occupation, incessant worry, late hours, and unnatural modes of living, which seem to follow civilisation, have the effect of depleting the human system of its necessary supply of Phosphorus.

The more immediate results are the loss of appetite, nausea, heartburn, flatulence, dizziness, sick headaches, failure of physical and mental vigour, sleeplessness, distressing sense of weight and fulness in the stomach, all of which are known as dyspepsia and liver complaints.

FREE PHOSPHORUS, IT IS THUS SHOWN, MUST BE THE SAVING AGENT—NO OTHER MEANS IS POSSIBLE. THIS ONE ELEMENT MUST BE REPLACED.

The Physician's usual order to abstain from business, to get away from all sources of worry, rarely accomplishes what it is intended to do, as thousands know only too well; and again, few are in such a position that their means, their business, or other ties will allow of a lengthened relaxation.

Previous to the introduction by the late Dr. Samuel Birley of an improved process of manufacture, there were serious difficulties in the way of administering Phosphorus so that it would remain in perfect solution in the system, and reach the brain and nerve tissues that alone were in need of it. Himself convinced of the absolute necessity of Phosphorus for the human system, he experimented in every possible way—in the various forms hitherto known to medical science; but he found, in common with others, that the Phosphorus prepared in these forms was not under perfect control. It did not assimilate satisfactorily, and had many drawbacks. His exhaustive experiments ultimately resulted in a discovery—one that rendered the Phosphorus easy of manipulation, and such that the human system would greedily take up. It was rendered absolutely soluble in the blood, and was perfectly satisfactory in its effects in every way. It could pass into the circulation, and enter into the composition of the brain and nervous system.

Cases of every class have been treated with this new form of Phosphorus. The prematurely old, the worn and exhausted, the nervous and miserable in every position in life, have been gradually restored to a most vigorous and perfectly healthy state. From a lean and cadaverous condition they have become full in flesh, the countenance clear and ruddy, the eyes bright, the step and gait again elastic and determined, the spirits high and generous, the temper cheerful, the brain again active, perception quick, memory tenacious, and the whole system and character changed from the most pitiable condition to the highest state of existence.

The preparation which has repeatedly produced such results as those above described is known as Dr. Birley's "Plain" Syrup of Free (or unoxidised) Phosphorus.

WEEK'S SUPPLY. FREE WEEK'S SUPPLY.

The Proprietors offer a Bottle Gratis to every person who has not hitherto tried Dr. Birley's "Plain" Syrup of Free (or unoxidised) Phosphorus, on the condition that they will under no circumstances make a second application for such.

The Trial Bottle we offer is a generous sized one, and contains a week's supply. We charge nothing whatever for the sample itself, but, as it weighs over half a pound (packed), it costs 3d. to send by parcel post, and we ask you to stand this small item of expense. No charge if called for.

Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers—

GORDON, MURRAY & CO., Ltd.,

10, Adam St., Strand, London, W.C.

To GORDON, MURRAY & CO., Ltd.,
10, Adam Street, Strand, London, W.C.

SIRS,—Please send me a TRIAL BOTTLE GRATIS (containing a week's supply) of Dr. Birley's "Plain" Syrup of Free (or unoxidised) Phosphorus, also 24-paged pamphlet. Enclosed are three penny stamps, to cover Parcel Postage. I promise never to make a second application for a Trial Bottle, either directly or through any third party.

Signature and Address .....

D.X.I. .....

.....

These Trial Bottles cannot be sent abroad.

The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 4. WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 28TH, 1908. ONE PENNY.

DRESS IMPROVEMENTS WANTED.

THE RIGHT TRACK FOR INVENTORS.

"There is one thing that I sincerely hope will never be invented," said a leading shirtmaker to the writer. "That is a waterproof collar that will look exactly like a linen one. If such a thing were produced, I should lose very heavily, for they would never need to be sent to the laundry, and hence they would be practically indestructible, and I should not be able to sell one collar where now I sell twenty.

"Some years ago the indiarubber collar won a certain amount of popularity, but it was much too glossy, and it always looked what it was—merely an imitation of linen. But there is a fortune waiting the man who devises a collar that will be linen and look like linen, but which may be washed as easily as one's hands, without losing its shape in the process. Laundries and hosiers would suffer, but the inventor and the general public would benefit."

"Nearly thirty years ago," said the owner of a stick factory, "a man invented the well-known crutch handle for walking sticks, and managed to pocket over £25,000 thereby. Not since that time has there been a really good novelty in this line. Each year we try to bring out something fresh in the way of woods and colourings, but we would pay very heavily indeed for something really new that would take the public taste.

"It must be something that can be sold about the same price as we now charge, and it must not cost too much to produce. Two-thirds of the male population never use a stick at all, and it's them we want to catch, and only by means of a very attractive novelty can we ever hope to do so."

"Every now and again," said a boot manufacturer, "I bring out some novelty in the way of fastenings for boots. So far I have been obliged to restrict myself in this line to boots of the shooting type, as the new fastenings are generally some arrangement of straps, which would look too clumsy on footwear of the lighter kind.

"In spite of this restriction, however, I have always done remarkably well with these patent fastenings, and the inventors have, of course, done well also. What I most want now is a fastening for light-weight boots. It need not be better than laces, but it must be something that will look attractive in the shop windows. New fastenings for leggings are also wanted. Those already on sale go well, and there is plenty of room for more."

"What I want," said a manufacturing jeweller, "is a distinct novelty in sleeve-links. When the dumb-bell link first came out it had an enormous vogue, and must have filled the pockets of its originator. Now we want something different, something that can be executed in cheap metal as effectively as in gold, and not too big to get through the buttonholes easily. You want me to be more exact? If I could be that I should invent the thing myself instead of passing the idea on to others." B. SOPER.

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MY PILE.

Let those who like be wealthy
And gather their silver and gold,
And lay away through many a day
The treasures no mortal can hold;
But so long as the moonbeams shimmer,
And the silver ray of a star
Will shed its light on my path by night,
I'm richer than them by far,
Than the men who live for money,
With gold as their guiding star.

Some men have reached Fame's temples;
They've battled and striven with fate,
And now they stand to take from her hand
The laurels, while multitudes wait;
But so long as nature gives me
Her summer and winter and spring,
And autumn winds and sunshine bright
And courage to work and sing,
I have that which Fame cannot give me—
The riches that never take wing.

PAUL LANHAM.

GOLF IN THE EAST.

Not very long ago we had a visit from an Asiatic potentate, and one of the things he took home with him was a liking for golf.

Nobody else in his country knew golf. It isn't much fun playing anything unless you have the satisfaction of thinking that you play it better than somebody else, so he forthwith set about teaching his two chief ministers. One of these gentlemen picked up the game so quickly that soon he beat his Royal master.

The other minister is still alive.

Somehow he has never quite come up to his sovereign's form at the game, although he is a smart man at most things. Strange, is it not?

OUR £20 CHALLENGE.

At the time of going to press with this number our first issue has been on sale for nearly a week, but the challenge which we threw out has not been accepted by any of our contemporaries. Frankly we are not surprised.

Our readers will remember that we asserted that THE MODERN MAN is the most interesting paper on the market, and that we backed our opinion by offering to put down £20 if our contemporaries would do the same, the losers' money to go to King Edward's Hospital Fund.

Will none of them take up the gauntlet?

At the time of writing the second number has not been published, but it is already sold out! The trade has ordered 30,000 more copies than we printed, and our machines are going day and night to meet the demand.

Those who have been disappointed in finding our earlier numbers sold out will please accept our apologies. The demand for THE MODERN MAN has outstripped all our expectations, but we have secured fresh machines to cope with it, and we trust that in future there will be less difficulty in obtaining the paper.

HOW TO SING WELL.

The rousing song that fires the blood.—MASSINGER.

Before you take singing lessons at all see that your speaking voice is a pleasant one. The connection between the speaking and the singing voice is not widely enough recognised, but it is a point now being emphasised by the more advanced of our singing professors.

The man who speaks no deeper than the back of his tongue cannot hope to be a good singer; he must learn to use his throat as well before he spends money in learning to sing.

When the singing lessons commence there is a great temptation to practise too much. One should never practise more than fifteen minutes at a time to begin with, nor more than one hour each day. Later, as the voice grows stronger, the practice periods may be lengthened to half-an-hour each, and the total daily practice to a couple of hours, but never beyond that.

By forcing the voice through constant practice and effort you may increase its volume, but you sacrifice its quality.

You will be much disappointed at first at the lack of volume in your voice, but beware of supplying this by an undue use of the nose. A nasal twang increases the sound, but it means the abandonment of all hope of your ever becoming a good singer.

The expression you put into a song counts for a great deal. Mr. Charles Manners once assured me that a singer with a second-class voice and plenty of temperament was more likely to be successful than one with a first-class voice and no temperament.

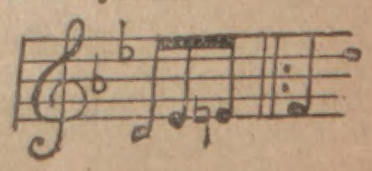
By temperament is meant the ability to perceive and express the various emotions of the words and music. In many people it is latent, and can be developed by observing good singers, and by studying poetry.

In a patriotic song it will help you to get the right amount of go and enthusiasm if you entertain a keen recollection of your most triumphant moment, as when you bore home the coveted athletic trophy, or when as a youngster you thrashed the big boy next door.

Avoid mannerisms. The beginner is tempted to rise on his toes with each high note. He feels an inclination to raise his eyebrows when it is necessary to open his mouth widely, and he is apt to hold the music at arm's length and swing round from one side to the other. These things are done unconsciously, but they tickle the audience and spoil the effect of the song.

Jean de Reszke recently disclosed a voice specific to which he attributes some part of his success, and which I pass on here for the benefit of my readers. It is a raw egg to which has been added a little salt and vinegar. This noxious morsel is to be swallowed immediately before singing, and it is asserted by this master that it removes all hoarseness.

Smoking is not necessarily injurious to the voice. Out of the 380 opinions of famous vocalists and speakers whom Dr. Lennox Browne consulted, 190 confessed themselves to be habitual smokers. LESTER JONES.



SOWERS OF THE WIND

They fling their wild oats broadcast.—ROGERS.

In the early part of this year the world learned that the race of spendthrifts is not yet dead. A young man named Richard Atkinson admitted at his examination in bankruptcy that five years ago he inherited £80,000, but that he had now liabilities of nearly £5,500 and no assets.

During the last three years he estimated that he had spent £40,000. His record was the first week of his life as a man of wealth; when he learned of his inheritance his trustees paid £1,000 into his credit at a bank, and he spent this sum in one week.

FROM IDLENESS TO WORK.

The fall of Harold Collinge from the position of a man of wealth to that of a gentleman chauffeur, and his scattering of between £20,000 and £30,000, is in brief the history of his life between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five.

On his father's death he was allowed a yearly income of £250, and he was to receive £22,000 on reaching the age of twenty-five. This arrangement, however, did not meet with his approval, and he mortgaged his inheritance, so that when he reached the age of twenty-five he found himself in the unhappy position of being without his annuity and also without the money which was to have been his.

His expenditure was chiefly on motor-cars. He paid as much as £1,000 for a car, and whenever he bought a new one he sold the other for a good deal less than it cost. The Official Receiver suggested that a motor-car could be kept and run for £200 a year, but Collinge argued that £1,080 was the lowest on which a 40-h.p. car could be maintained. When the Receiver asked what he was doing now he informed the court that he was acting as a gentleman chauffeur to a friend.

There is something extremely entertaining in the career of a young man who can live a life of extravagance without first being the possessor of much wealth. Raymond Harding Cox, of Gaiety Chambers, Strand, found himself some little time ago with 39s. 4d. of assets and debts of £52,117 19s. 7d.

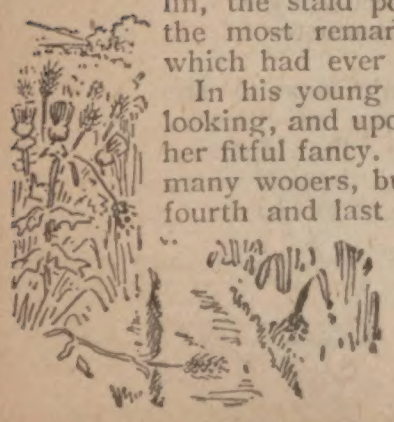
SEEING LIFE.

According to the Official Receiver this young man, for he was only twenty-two, had been mainly dependent on a legacy of £1,000. How he managed to accumulate debts of fifty-two times that amount is a significant comment on the anxiety of tradesmen to induce young men to buy what they cannot afford to pay for.

Amongst his debts was a hosiery bill of £83, a tailor's account of £350, a jeweller's for £555, and a tobacconist's for £423, while there figured also an unpaid dressing case valued at £79. Apart from his debts he had managed to spend £12,700 during the last three years, had lost £3,000 in betting and had paid £4,500 as interest on loans he had received from money-lenders.

There is not the same glamour about the spendthrift of to-day as attached to his prototype of the last generation. Mr. Henry Chaplin, the staid politician, is linked with one of the most remarkable romances of prodigality which had ever aroused the public interest.

In his young days he was regarded as good looking, and upon him Lady Cecilia Paget fixed her fitful fancy. Beautiful and wealthy, she had many wooers, but only two in the running, the fourth and last Marquis of Hastings and Mr. Chaplin, and the latter considered himself fortunate when she finally accepted and became engaged to him.



One day he accompanied her on a shopping expedition at Swan and Edgar's, and waited in the carriage outside the Piccadilly entrance while she entered the shop, but he waited in vain, for the lady had passed through the place and left by the Regent Street door, where the Marquis of Hastings was waiting for her with a cab.

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND.

Between the two men there now sprang up a bitter animosity, which finally culminated upon the race course. Mr. Chaplin was in those days a patron of the turf, and at a sale he purchased Hermit for £1,050, out-bidding the Marquis by £50. In the Derby of 1867 the Hermit was the victor, and the Marquis, who had backed a horse of his own very heavily, lost £103,000 by Mr. Chaplin's victory. It was a dramatic revenge.

"That loss," said the Marquis to a friend, "broke my heart, but I hope I did not show it."

During a long minority £420,000 had accumulated, and on coming of age the Marquis of Hastings set himself to dissipate this fortune and also the £30,000 a year which came to him from his estates.

He always paid cabmen a couple of sovereigns, he delighted in dice throwing at £10, and his favourite hobby was cutting cards at £200 a cut. At the age of twenty-six he died unhonoured and unsung, those who had once flattered and lived on him flying off like butterflies before darkness.

PATRON OF PUGILISTS.

Abington Baird was another notable spendthrift. Blessed with an income of £250,000 a year, he all but made himself bankrupt before he died at the age of thirty-two. At his house in Curzon Street he kept a number of pugilists, his love of the ring costing him over £1,500 a week.

With these boon companions he would open dozens of champagne, drinking one glass from each bottle and throwing the rest away. Once, in a superstitious attempt to change his luck, he threw a two hundred guinea opal tie pin over Westminster Bridge. R. WOODCRAFT.

SPORT AND DEAFNESS.

"I have long observed," remarked an ear specialist recently, "that there is a distinct tendency to deafness amongst golf professionals and enthusiastic amateurs. It is due to the one-sided effort in making a hard drive; this affects the complex nerve plexus around the ear, and causes hardness of hearing.

"Motoring, again, tends to produce deafness, for the rush of the wind is just as harmful to the ears as to the eyes, and it is but rarely that we see the former protected in any way.

"The telephone also has much to answer for in this respect. Everyone places the receiver to his left ear, with the result that this becomes more highly developed than the right, and unequal hearing follows. I should advise all habitual users of the telephone to put the receiver to their right ear as often as to the left, and thus avoid the danger."

JOE THE SECOND.

The biggest restaurant owner in the world is Joseph Lyons, who at his various tea-shops furnishes the lunch of many an underpaid London clerk, and in his more palatial Trocadero provides suppers for the merrymakers of the West End.

He is one of London's Jew millionaires. Would they were all as harmless as he! He might be an Englishman in all his tastes, and his friends like him in spite of his money, though their patience is sorely tried with his puns, for he is much addicted to this form of wit.

"There are two Joes in this country," he once remarked. "One's a Jew, the other isn't. I'm Joe the Jew."

TOO LATE.

A BUNDLE OF HUMAN DOCUMENTS.

"Guilty!" said the foreman of the jury, and sat down.

The young man in the dock reeled as the judge passed sentence of five years' penal servitude, but the warders caught him by the arms and kept him from falling, for the police dislike scenes. A moment later he had disappeared down the staircase leading to the cells, and the book of his life was closed to the world for a time.

He had not been long married when the poverty, which his sweetheart had agreed to share with him, came down upon them with a heavy hand. He was a writer, but like many another he could not find a market for the book he had conceived. They pawned clothing and the few presents their friends had given them, but the furniture, being only nominally theirs, could not be touched.

It was then that the young man went to a jeweller's in Regent Street, smashed the plate glass window and grabbed a handful of rings. It was done so clumsily that capture was inevitable, but the pain and disgrace of arrest were as nothing to what he suffered when his wife came to see him in the police cell, and told him that by the evening post, at the very moment when he was committing the crime, a letter had arrived from a publishing firm offering a substantial price for his work.

The woman and her little boy are living comfortably on the proceeds of that book, for it continues to sell, and when the man leaves prison he will find a ready demand for his future work, for under his nom de plume he is an esteemed author; but the blot of these five years will never be effaced. The letter came too late.

* * * * * * *

The City merchant returned to his rooms in Conduit Street, and smoked a last cigar as he pondered over the position in which he found himself. Bit by bit he had worked his way upwards till he had gained a position of influence and respect.

Then came financial stress. Ruin stared him in the face, and his pride made it unendurable.

He threw himself on the bed and blew his brains out.

That happened in February. In November his effects were sold, and it was discovered that he held certain diamond shares which, since the time of his death, had increased in value till they were now worth half a million pounds.

The rise began within a week after he shot himself, but he had waited hopelessly, and it came too late.

* * * * * * *

There lives at a South coast watering place an elderly, sad-faced gentleman whose story is unknown to those with whom he comes in contact, although in its time it created much newspaper discussion.

As a young man he led in London what is called a gay life, and eventually he found himself in such urgent need of money that he mortgaged a reversion which would come to him at his mother's death. In the quiet of her country home the old lady was thinking of the career that lay in front of her only son, and hoping that he would not overwork himself in studying for the army; presently there was handed to her a letter from a money-lender making tactless inquiries as to the reversion, and explaining that he was about to lend her son money upon it.

Next day the young man learned from the moneylender that he had communicated with his mother on the subject. He knew what the result would be. He could imagine her feelings when she learned that her son was speculating on the probability of her death. The contract had not yet been completed, and he immediately cancelled it, dashing to the station and travelling express for home.

When he got there he found his mother was dead; she had died of a broken heart. The cancelling of the contract and his arrival home, both were too late. DAVID COOPER.

THE TAKING DOWN OF JOHN

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By PHILIP TANNER.

Dick, the helper, saw Mrs. Berry as she and her mare rounded the corner of the wood. Removing the straw from his mouth, he raced for the entrance door of the Hall, to await her coming and relieve her of the horse.

"Ah!" she cried, as she saw him standing there. "You're the very young man I want to see."

Dick touched his forelock.

"Yes," went on Mrs. Berry, as her breath returned to her. "This hunter is in a dreadful state."

She always rode a hunter, though she never rode to hounds, and she was fond of using the word.

"She does look a bit done up, ma'am," said Dick. "I always did say that she wasn't up to your weight."

Mrs. Berry's face was not a very beautiful one at best, but now she looked positively ugly, not to say dangerous.

"I'm not referring to that," she replied, "and I'll hear your opinion on such matters when I ask for it. What is wrong with my hunter is that she has not been properly groomed, neither has her bridle been cleaned as it ought to have been."

"The mare and tackle were all right when you started out, ma'am," said Dick, for he stood in no great personal awe of his lady. "The mud on her is still wet and couldn't have been there this morning; as for the buckles, it's the mist that's tarnished them."

"If the cleaning had been more thorough," replied his mistress, "both hunter and bridle would have been less affected by the wet. You must do your work more thoroughly, or I shall get someone else."

And with that she handed him the reins and bustled indoors.

"Poor old Vanity!" remarked Dick to a fellow helper, as he brushed the thick of the mud from the mare's legs and belly with a wisp of straw. "The sweat's simply a-pouring off her."

"Yes," replied the other, "and you can't wonder when she's mountain-conveying for a job."

"She'd suit the boss better," said Dick. "He's light enough."

"But he won't get her," said the other with emphasis. "Only yesterday I heard him suggest it to Mrs. Berry, and she nearly flew down his throat. 'Henry Berry,' she says, 'whose hunter is she, I'd like to know? Be thankful, you little wretch, that I let you have a horse at all. Even the old brute you have, you ride like a monkey.' At that I edges away a bit, so that Mr. Berry shouldn't know I'd heard her."

"Don't see that you need have taken so much trouble to spare his feelings," said Dick, as he took the curry-comb from its hook. "He deserves about all he gets. What sort of a man can he be to marry a woman like her? If it hadn't been her cash there wouldn't have been no Mr. Berry on the scene."

It was close on dinner-time when John, the coachman, appeared in the stable door. John was a widower of middle age, and a person who loved to wield authority. He stood for a moment without speaking, for he wanted to be as impressive as possible.

"It beats me," he said, taking a horse collar from his arm and laying it on the window sill, where the light fell full upon it, "it beats me what young fellows are coming to nowadays. Here's this bloomin' collar, lookin' as if it had never seen a box of polish or a bit of chamois for a twelve-month."

Dick instantly recognised the collar as belonging to the brougham horse, for which he was also responsible.

"Mr. Jenkins," he said, "that collar was bright enough to see your face in this morning, and what did you have it out of the stable for anyway?"

John started at this, for he had, as a matter of fact, taken the collar from the harness-room to the trough, where he had sponged it over with water in order that he might accuse his helper of having neglected it.

Do not blame him too much. He also had just had a rating from the excellent Mrs. Berry, and he felt he must pass it on to somebody else, or burst. So, there being no fault to find, he had taken the trouble of making one.

"Dick Reeves," he said, slowly and in his most perfect manner, "leave that mare at once, and set to this 'ere collar."

He crossed over to the corn bin, selected a spot which was free from harness polish, and seated himself there, waiting to see the collar cleaned "under his own supervision," as he expressed it. But within five minutes he was fast asleep, for heavy-headedness was one of John's failings.

Dick cleaned the collar afresh, and felt very unkindly towards his superior throughout the process.

Next afternoon while Dick and the other helper were busy in the stable, John again came in. He was in white breeches, top-boots and hat, and he only lacked his livery coat to make him a very magnificent personage.

"'Ere, Reeves," he said, "I want you to go down to the town for another half-dozen tins of composition, and call at the saddler's for them knee-caps."

"Yes," said Dick. "I suppose I can ride down on Kitty; she wants exercise."

The stately John looked at him with all the appearance of intense surprise.

"Then, young man," he said, "you suppose wrong. I'll tell you when Kitty wants exercise. You'd be none the worse of some, so just you walk."

It was characteristic of John that he would send his helpers to exercise the horses at inconvenient times, but on such occasions as this, when a mount would have been welcome, it was invariably refused.

"And before you start," continued John, "get the brougham ready. Me and Mrs. Berry are also goin' to the town"

So Dick prepared the brougham, and then went to his room to get ready for his journey.

As he left for the town he noted with grim satisfaction that the magnificent John had been kept waiting at least a quarter of an hour at the door of the Hall, for Mrs. Berry liked to put her servants to inconvenience.

It was not till he was within half-a-mile of the town that the brougham actually passed him, and he could see by John's manner that the waiting had not improved his temper.

Dick transacted his business and treated himself to tea. Then he turned his face homewards. As he passed along the High Street he saw the brougham in front of the biggest draper's shop, and he knew that Mrs. Berry was inside making her final purchases.

She was a very methodical person, and she always visited this emporium last when she made her round of shopping on Saturday afternoons.

As Dick come level with the carriage, he observed that the chin of John was resting on his box-clothed breast, and he knew that John was asleep.

To fall asleep whenever possible was one of the coachman's weaknesses.

Generally he fought it down when he was out with the carriage, but this time the lady had taken longer than usual, and the early dusk of the winter's evening was falling. So John allowed himself to sleep, knowing that she would be unlikely to notice his position in the half-light, and knowing also that the first touch of her heavy hand on the carriage door would awaken him.

Dick smiled and passed on. He had not gone twenty yards when he met Lawrence, the bank clerk, and a brilliant idea came to the stable-helper.

He knew Lawrence pretty well, for they were members of the same swimming club, the bank clerk taking his pleasures cheaply, though he dressed so well. The smallness of his salary explained the one, and the custom of the bank the other.

Dick hailed him, and chatted for a minute about a swimming handicap that was forthcoming. Then he changed the subject suddenly.

"Are you still as keen on learning to ride?" he asked.

"You bet," said the clerk.

"Well come out to the Hall next Saturday afternoon. The coachman's going with the missus and master to a wedding, and I'll get out the old cob and teach you. He's perfectly quiet."

"It's very good of you," said Lawrence, "and I'll be delighted to come. I wish I could do anything for you in return."

"You can," replied Dick, for to this he had been leading; and without waste of time he unfolded to him the idea.

A minute later Dick was standing behind the brougham, holding the other's hat in his hand. Lawrence approached the carriage cautiously, opened the door silently, and banged it to with much force.

"Yes, madam," he said, as if he were addressing someone inside, "we shall send the patterns to you immediately we receive them. Good afternoon, and thank you." Then he turned towards the coachman and said, "Home!"

At the banging of the door John woke up and sprang to attention. Lawrence he did not know, but by his clothes and the fact that he was bare-headed, he presumed that he was an assistant from the drapery shop.

"Yes," said John, "Tch! Tch!"

And off rolled the brougham, homeward bound.

Dick had just time to hand his fellow conspirator his hat, when Mrs. Berry appeared. To say that she was annoyed at not finding the brougham waiting, is to put it very mildly.

When she looked up the street and saw its red lights vanishing in the distance, she stamped her foot, and her face grew purple, though she had sense enough not to make a fool of herself by saying things in so public a place.

Dick moved off before she saw him, for he had no desire to be summoned to help her out of her difficulty. He wanted her to walk home; a tramp through the mud might show her how dirty it was possible for a horse or a woman to get in this weather.

Besides, the exercise would be good for her body and temper alike.

He learnt afterwards that she tried at three hotels to get a conveyance, but they were all out, this being Saturday afternoon; so she had to walk. She had got half way home when she met the brougham, for John had by this time reached the Hall, found the carriage empty and returned to fetch her.

She wanted to sack him on the spot, but he wisely threatened to leave her where she was unless she faithfully promised to forgive him, and, as it had begun to rain, she agreed to these terms.

She did not consider, however, that her promise obliged her not to speak her mind, and when she at last alighted at the Hall door she called John things for fifteen consecutive minutes without repeating herself—to the infinite delight of a couple of stable-helpers who were hiding within earshot.

Rapid Physical Development

The Standing Discobolus.

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

SUSTAINING INTEREST

It is admitted by every modern teacher of physical culture that the attention must be concentrated upon the exercises while they are being carried out. At first it is easy to focus the attention, for the exercises are new, a little difficult to remember, and consequently demand that the whole of the mental powers shall be fixed upon them; besides, their very novelty is an attraction. Later on when the novelty of physical culture has worn off, the interest is in most cases sustained by the enthusiasm bred in the culturist by the satisfactory growth he observes in his muscles, and in most cases this enthusiasm remains with him.

Some men, however, in spite of their knowledge that physical culture is good for them and that to reap its full benefits they must keep their thoughts on it, and in spite of their best endeavour to focus their mind, begin to find their thoughts wandering to other things during the course of the exercises. Let them adopt a plan which has been found satisfactory by many in similar circumstances. Let them bring the imagination into full play and with its assistance glorify the mechanical exercises into sports.

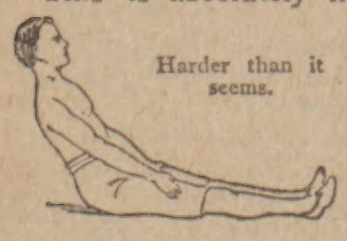
Lunging forward with a dumb-bell is not, when you come to look at it, a very exciting thing to do, but if you form a mental picture of the face of the person you like least, and imagine that this face is just where the dumb-bell comes at the end of the lunge, your arm will take on new force and the exercise will be done with the vigour which it deserves.

Similarly, when standing with your back to a developer, thrusting the dumb-bells in front of you and then throwing out your arms to the side, you may glorify the exercise by imagining that you are using the breast stroke to force your way through a boisterous sea. The possibilities of thus introducing imagination are almost endless, but the scope has been sufficiently indicated by the examples given.

FOR THE ABDOMINAL MUSCLES.

Lie on your back flat upon the floor, your feet together, and your hands resting lightly on your thighs. Now sit up without raising your heels from the floor and without assisting yourself in any way with your hands.

This is absolutely the best exercise for developing the muscles of the abdomen, which play such an important part in our general health; it also brings up the thigh and chest muscles to a considerable extent. The movements should be made very slowly—no jerking—and repeated five times.



Harder than it seems.

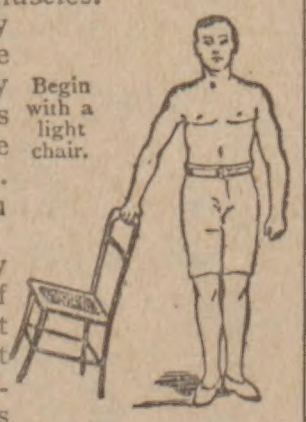
When you can accomplish this without difficulty you will want to make the exercise slightly harder to save having to repeat it a large number of times. This can be done by locking the hands behind the head instead of allowing them to rest on the thighs; you thus increase the weight which the abdominal muscles have to raise and lower.

The next step is to stretch the arms out above the head, which increases the leverage against the muscles still further; in this last development of the exercise, however, avoid swinging your arms forward and down as you sit up, for if you do that you accomplish the exercise by a trick and not by muscle; in this case the hands should be directly overhead when you are in a sitting position.

A GRIP OF STEEL.

The power of grip lies as much in the forearm as in the hand; this exercise is designed to develop all the gripping muscles.

Grasp a heavy chair by the top bar, as shown in the picture, and raise it slowly till you hold it at arm's length, the back of the chair now being horizontal. Then return it to the floor in precisely similar manner.



Begin with a light chair.

This exercise is extremely difficult to the novice. If he fails to accomplish it, let him practise in the first instance with a light bedroom chair until his muscles are fit to tackle one of the heavy kitchen or dining-room variety.

WATER, THE BODY-BUILDER.

We have the authority of Dr. E. F. Willoughby, the dietary expert, for stating that for every person who drinks too much alcohol there are two persons who drink too little water.

The wonderful cures effected at the German spas are due to the large amount of water which the patients there drink; the various salts merely help the water to do its work. It is by means of the water in our bodies that the important chemical changes in the tissues take place.

You can survive with water but without food, longer than you could without water but with food, for water is the chief constituent of the body, and the very basis of life.

We absorb a certain amount of water with most kinds of food, bread, for example, containing a high percentage of moisture; but that is not enough for our needs. To reach our maximum of health we must drink water whenever we feel thirsty, and often when we don't.

FOR EVERY ARM MUSCLE.

Let the weight rest on the hands and toes, the hands being about eighteen inches apart, the heels touching each other, and the toes slightly spread. Bend the arms till the chest touches the floor between the hands, and then straighten the arms and force the body upwards. Repeat at first five times, and later up to twenty times; it is inadvisable to do the exercise more than that at one spell.

An Army exercise.

There is not a single muscle in the arms which this exercise will not develop; it brings up the triceps—or boxer's muscle—with wonderful rapidity, and this is a muscle left untouched by most arm exercises, which benefit the biceps only.

By this exercise you can also obtain quick increase of chest measurement, and it is effective in the development of the pectoral and deltoid—or breast and shoulder—muscles. It is much practised in the Army.

Care must be taken to breathe easily and plentifully during this exercise, as otherwise there will be considerable strain on the heart. The lungs should be filled as the body rises and emptied as it is lowered.

It is a good plan to spread upon the floor a clean rug or piece of sacking, as otherwise you are liable to inhale the particles of dust that lurk in the carpet.

The slower this exercise is done the more effective it is.

THE FACE MUSCLES.

THEY ARE WORTH DEVELOPING.

You can hazard a pretty accurate guess as to a man's physical development by looking at his face, and yet even those whose main object in physical culture is not only to be strong but also to be obviously strong, generally leave the development of the face muscles, by which they are judged, to a merely sympathetic growth with the other muscles.

They develop their biceps and the other muscular tissues of their body and limbs, thus inducing a high state of physical health and consequently bringing growth to the muscles of the face; this method is sure enough, but slow, and the instructions in this article are intended for those who wish for facial development in the shortest space of time.

The first thing to do is to strengthen the eye, and this can be done by practising the following exercises.

(1) Keeping your chin on the level, turn your eyes up as far as you can get them, and then turn them down as low as possible.

(2) Turn the eyes as far as possible to the right, and then bring them round horizontally to the extreme left.

(3) Turn the eyes upwards and to the right—to the right hand top corner—and then turn them downwards and to the left.

(4) Turn the eyes upwards to the left and then downwards to the right.

(5) Turn the eyes circularly; first the same way as the hands of a watch and secondly the reverse way.

Practise each of these exercises five or ten times. They will effectively develop the muscles controlling the eyes, and, by bringing a healthy flow of blood, will make the eye clearer.

To develop the muscles of the jaw, close the front teeth together and by a slight upward pressure of the muscles of the neck expand the under-jaw laterally. The teeth are not to be clenched but merely placed together, the force being exerted to press the angle of each jaw bone as far sideways as may be. This exercise may be repeated from ten to twenty times according to the force used in its accomplishment.

The cheek muscles may best be developed by drawing up the corners of the mouth in an exaggerated grin, holding this expression for a moment, then relaxing the muscles to the normal and repeating a dozen times.

The lip muscles may be seen in wonderful development in the case of cornet players. To strengthen these muscles keep your teeth a little apart and draw the lips tightly together, as if you were trying to hold by means of them an object somebody else was trying to pull from you. If you find it difficult to do this exercise with the mere aid of imagination, place a piece of wood about the thickness of a cigarette between your lips and endeavour to hold it there while you pull it away with your hand.

The neck muscles may be included in this series, as, though not facial, they are under the observation of any person seeing your face. The favourite expander exercise in which you hold the developer at your back; keep one end down with one hand and press the other upwards with the other hand, has an extremely beneficial effect upon the neck.

Rapid results can also be obtained by bending the head forwards and backwards, from side to side, and by rotating it as far as you can, each exercise being repeated slowly and with tense muscles.

If you experiment with the exercises here described you will observe that several of them overlap, those prescribed for the throat, for instance, also developing to some extent the muscles of the cheeks. The exercises may with advantage be practised while you are resting from the other exercises designed for the development of your body muscles.

A strong face is a valuable asset at all times. Business men respect its possessor, and the ladies love him. Surely it is worth a little trouble to obtain.

A. CRAIG.

THE FUTURE MAN.

A GLIMPSE INTO THE DIM DISTANCE.

Professor Kenwood recently stated that the children of the present day are not taught to use their brains at all; they merely have drilled into them elaborate answers to certain questions, but to everything else they can give only the most foolish replies. They do not learn to think.

"They can," he said, "give you an intelligent answer to a question only if it has previously been told to them. A gramaphone can do that."

Here we have our first suggestion as to the man of the future. If he does not use his brain, it will in the course of nature disappear, and his head will be left empty. It will become a receptacle for gramaphone records. If he is poor he will have just as many records as his skull will carry, but if he is wealthy he may have a whole library of them in reserve.

"Do you think it will rain?" the young lady will ask the young man about town.

"I'm sure I don't know," he will reply. "Where's my man with my weather report record?"

When this is produced and inserted in the empty cranium, he will give a learned speech about all the things that ought to affect our weather but don't.

"What do you think of votes for women?"

The record chosen for reply will depend upon the good looks of the inquirer, and the cautious man will have an open mind, and will carry with him one record by Miss Christabel Pankhurst and another by Mr. Asquith.

If he wants to get rid of a bore, he will put on a record by any of our modern poets or playwrights.

Then again the men of the future will all be blind. Sir James Crichton-Browne tells us that, if the present eye trouble amongst children continues, half the people will be partially blind in two generations, and the other half will be wearing spectacles. If that is to happen in the next sixty years, we can count on total blindness before the century is done.

But nature will adapt us to our changed conditions, and a long feeler will sprout out from our foreheads to prevent our colliding with things.

We use tubes, trams and 'buses so much that our legs are gradually shrinking. The man of the future will have no legs at all. He will grow instead a sort of wheel about the size now used for bicycles.

There will be no need for two wheels, as he will keep his balance by means of a gyroscope which he will wear instead of a hat.

The wheel will be made to revolve by a simple form of mechanism driven by an engine the motive principle of which has not yet been discovered. The necessary spanners and oil-cans will be carried somewhere on the person, or in the case of the wealthy by an attendant.

So many of us use the typewriter and find the need of an extra finger that the man of the future will develop six fingers instead of five. The acquisition will not profit him much, as everybody else will be similarly provided, so that the grind of competition in the future will be just about the same as it is now.

The cranks say we ought to nourish our vile bodies on tabloids of concentrated foods; they assure us it is wrong to take pleasure in eating and drinking nice things. As the world gets older, men will become more and more tolerant, and the dietary cranks will flourish exceedingly and multiply, because fewer of them will be killed off by a resentful public. They will become so powerful that they will be able to enforce those theories which now they only preach; and they will compel everybody to take nourishment in the way they prescribe.

The man of the future will therefore have no stomach, for that organ will waste away in disgust at the nauseous tabloids of the cranks; and the strength of the man will have to be maintained by injections of chemical food.

It is a dreary prospect for our successors. Let us be glad we live in the present. A. M. KIRKE.

SPORTING STORIES

LEFT BEHIND.

"Gee up, Dobbin!"

Varmer Goiles wended his way home from market behind his fastish cob when suddenly he beheld a wretched man dashing towards him from a cross road. He was a very wretched man, his clothes tattered, his face bleeding, and patches of his scalp shewing where the hair had been pulled out and he shouted to Varmer in the name of all the latter held sacred to give him a lift.

"Whoa, Dobbin!"

With the assistance of Varmer the scare crow was hoisted on to the dog cart just as an infuriated mob rushed round the corner.

"Gee up, Dobbin!"

Presently the stranger's breath began to return to him and between his gasps he spluttered out: "Go as fast as you can, my man! If you manage to get clear away from that lot I'll give you a sovereign. And I won't miss it," he added meditatively, "I have done them out of a hundred pounds."

"What?" yelled Varmer, for he is a sportsman. "You mean to say you're a welsher, and that them folks are racegoers you've swindled?"

"That's about the ticket," replied the other.

"Then," said Vermer, "off you go. I don't cotton to none of your kidney. I thought you were a football referee!" And with that he tipped his fare over the near side wheel.

"Gee up, Dobbin!"

THE EARLY WORM.

Three o'clock in the morning. Enter Specknoodle. Watch him, dear reader, as he lays his boots on the dressing-table, throws his collar outside the door, and hangs his coat on the gas-bracket.

Do not smile at him, for this is a serious matter; his wife, who is a muscular woman, has made him promise on penalty of a black silk dress with box pleats that he will never stop out late again. He is getting on nicely, when suddenly her snores cease.

"John," she says, "why are you getting up so early?"

"I've a lot of work to do at the office," he replies, catching at the straw.

And so she watches him while he dresses again and goes forth sleepless into the dank humours of the morning; then she puts her head beneath the blankets, so as not to awaken the household, and laughs the laugh of malice prepense.

THE SPORTOPHOBE.

He was a person with a long white face, and he wore gloves the points of which projected unfilled beyond the tips of his fingers. He hated sport in general, racing in particular.

It even gave him qualms when he happened to be on board a ship and was informed that the screw was racing; this by way of illustration.

"Omlet one!" he said to the waiter

"Really, sir, really!" said the waiter. "And can you tell me, sir, what came in second and third? I had a sixpence on with the cook."

Before he left, the white-faced one mixed the mustard with the mushroom ketchup, just for spite.

BAD WEATHER CYCLING.

THERE IS MUCH JOY IN IT.

Bad weather cycling is growing in popularity with those devotees of the wheel who believe in a little novelty in their amusement, and who do not make it a hard and fast rule to do exactly as other people do.

One of the chief attractions in bad weather cycling is that the roads are free of dust. During the summer months many a road is unbearable for cycling, owing to the clouds of dust that fly after each succeeding motor; but as soon as the rain comes the dust is turned to mud, and the air is left clean.

Butterfly cyclists may protest that to be splashed by mud from the wheels of a motor is as bad as being deluged with dust, but the outdoor man does not find an occasional splash of mud so very trying. Possibly it soils his clothes, but if he is sensible he is wearing a suit that will not suffer much damage. The main thing is that the air is free from dust with all its dangers to health.

To enjoy winter cycling to its fullest extent you want an old bike. Instead of selling a crock that you have discarded, you should keep it for bad weather purposes; if you have no such old machine in hand, buy one for thirty shillings or so.

You do not mind very much if an old machine is mud coated, and for my own part I ride in winter months a bicycle reserved for that purpose and not cleaned more frequently than once a month. To take out a bicycle the plating of which is bright and new and ride it over muddy roads is gross extravagance.

In the preparation of the bicycle itself little need be said. Mudguards are essential, and you will be wise if you attach a large sized splasher to the bottom of the front one. A coating of grease over the plated parts, and a good dressing of black lead and tallow on the chain, will keep your bicycle weather-proof.

In regard to clothing it is not advisable to wear a thick suit. When you are out on your bicycle you are not sitting about but are exerting your muscles all the time. If you are afraid of chills put on a sweater either above your shirt or beneath it.

Don't wear too many clothes. If you are in fit condition, the exercise will keep you warm.

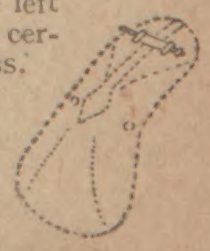
Shoes are out of the question for winter riding, as you must take into account the possibility of having to trundle your machine on foot for several miles over rough and muddy roads; select therefore a pair of stoutish boots and gaiters.

Your hands and your feet are the most likely parts of your anatomy to feel cold, and you will be wise to protect them with thick gloves and socks. If after cycling a mile or two you still find that your extremities are below normal temperature, get off and walk sharply for a little, or prop your bicycle against a fence and beat your arms round your chest coachman fashion.

In cold weather one is better fitted for hard exercise than when it is hot. You need not try to break records in the matter of speed, but you will be astonished at your endurance, and that in spite of the stiffness of the roads.

Those cyclists who are lovers of nature will find that the country is just as beautiful in the winter as in summer. The leaves and the blossom have disappeared, but in their place has come a suggestiveness that furnishes to the artistic eye middle distances of marvellous beauty.

When one contemplates a winter run in the country one is apt to judge what the country roads will be like by what they are in town. This is wrong. When streets get wet they become greasy and dangerous, but the same does not apply to the country, for there the roads are made not of asphalt or stone but of sand, through which the water can penetrate. If you will try the experiment you will usually discover that when the greasy streets of the city are left behind you gets roads that, if not dry, are certainly not slippery. M. HOBBS.



From our Readers

TAIL LIGHTS.

Every cyclist and motorist fully endorses the recent act making it compulsory for all vehicles to carry lights, but there is still much wanting.

The cyclist himself should for his own safety carry a red tail light. If you are cycling at night, on the London and Brighton road especially, you run a great risk of being killed by a motor-car unless you announce your presence in this way.

The horseman also should carry lights. Most cyclists and motorists near London have experienced the unpleasant sensation of almost colliding with a mounted policeman. These officials walk their horses leisurely by the roadside, and there is no seeing them till you are, perhaps, too close to stop.

Lamps are now supplied, something like bicycle lamps, which may be attached below each stirrup so that their beams are thrown forward and two red lights show behind. Those who travel by horseback at night will find such a contrivance very useful, and I venture to think that it ought to be made compulsory in the case of our mounted police.

CHRISTMAS: ONE MONTH HENCE.

Perhaps you are in a good situation, earning steady wages week by week. The Poverty Problem, then, is nothing to you. But the chap who lives next door may be feeling the pinch.

His home is being broken up. His wife and children are hungry.

Help him to hunt for work. Keep your eyes and ears open for him. You'll hear of chances he can never know of.

For Christmas is coming! Think of what a hungry Christmas means.

Be a good fellow, and help another chap over a hard patch in his pathway. Then you'll have the happiest Christmas you've ever known.

And so will he!

CATCH JOKES.

It's just as well to know a few smart catches, so as to be able to take the bumptious down a peg when necessary.

One trick is to exhibit the sock of your right foot and say: "Rather unique pattern this. I'll bet there's not another like it in the room."

"Done," says the over-smart man. "There's another like it on your left foot."

You then pull up the other leg of your trousers and exhibit a sock of entirely different pattern, with the genial remark: "I usually find one flat in a company, so I came prepared."

The preparation necessary for a practical catch of that kind is not always possible, but the verbal catch is ever at your service.

"Extraordinary accident that," you remark. "A mason fell off a sixty-foot ladder and escaped without a scratch."

"Impossible," says the incautious person.

"Fact," comes the answer. "He was standing on the bottom rung at the time."

Here is another, but not for use if your acquaintance is a boxing man.

"You'd better keep your eyes open next week," you say.

"What for?" he asks in alarm.

"Because you won't be able to see if you don't."

The last is perhaps the neatest:

"The biggest man I ever saw was enormous," you remark. "He stood about twelve feet——"

Just about here the self-confident listener interpolates: "Oh, nonsense!"

"About twelve feet away from me," you continue imperturbably.

LONDON SPEEDS.

A friend and I, while on a visit to London, timed with a split-seconds chronograph the various rates at which the vehicles travelled.

We found that the speed of hansoms varied from 13 to 15 miles an hour. Horse 'buses varied from 11 to 14 miles an hour. Butchers' and greengrocers' carts from 13 to 16 miles an hour.

Cyclists went from the crawl to 19½ miles per hour, the latter speed being that of a newspaper carrier in Fleet Street. The L.C.C. trams varied from 15 and 20 miles an hour between stations.

The best speeds were those of the motor-'buses in Oxford Street after nine o'clock in the evening. Several that we timed were doing close on 30 miles an hour, and there were so many of them that crossing the street was as dangerous as crossing a railway track. For the vehicles themselves, however, there was comparative safety, as at that time the streets were mostly clear of other traffic.

WHY BE PUNCTUAL?

"Punctuality," wrote a wit, "is the thief of time," and he was not far wrong.

Of course if everyone were punctual in keeping appointments, you would waste no time by being punctual also; but humanity is far from perfect, and you will find that if you are punctual in ten appointments the other people will keep you waiting at least nine of the times.

In dealing with your employer, or with anyone from whom you expect a benefit, it is scarcely necessary to advocate punctuality, as that is imperative; but when you are dealing with men who are in no sense higher up the ladder than yourself, it is just as well to appear at the rendezvous about a couple of minutes late.

If they are not there, you have docked those two minutes from the wasted time; if they are there, they will only think what a busy man you are since it was apparently not possible for you to get off sooner.

The person with whom you must be most punctual is your best girl. If you keep her waiting, some other fellow may come along.

THIS MONTH'S CAB RACE.

The annual cab race of Paris, which is held this month, is open to every cabman, and, though the prize is only £20, there are always plenty of entries.

The course is from Suresnes to St. Germain, and back through Versailles, the total distance being about thirty miles. It speaks well for the Parisian cab-horse that the winner last year covered the distance in an hour and three-quarters, and the first five all arrived within a minute of one another.

Each cab must contain a passenger of average weight, and not uncommonly he gets a pretty thorough shaking-up on the journey. The condition of the horse after the race is taken into consideration in awarding the prizes, but no account is taken of the collapse of the fare.

This race has done much to improve the breed of cab-horses in Paris, and has stimulated the French *cochers* to pay more attention to their nags, the more serious competitors putting their charges into special training weeks before the contest.

It would be well if a similar competition were started in our own capital.

Then our cabmen would take pride and interest in their horses, instead of regarding them merely as the property of the man who hires them out.

WHY NOT CONTRIBUTE?

We want paragraphs with a bit of dash in them, and with plenty of masculine interest. Each week we pay £1 1s. for the best, and 5s. for every other used.

Don't exceed 250 words, use a postcard if you like, and never mind about literary style; we'll put that right.

Don't worry about dates. If your paragraph is too late for one issue, we shall consider it for the next.

Address all paragraphs to the Paragraph Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

The guinea this week goes to Mr. John Howard, Kingsmead Street, Bath, for "Backing Horses."

BACKING HORSES.

If you are wise, you will shun betting as you would the plague! But to those who will bet, a few hints may prove useful.

To commence: never bet on any race under a mile; for with the present "standing-start" it is madness to touch five-furlong races. Back only one horse a day—indeed "one a week" would be sounder advice!

To make three or four wagers daily, would ruin a Rothschild. (The writer speaks from a bitter experience of twenty years; and has often cursed the day he first "had a bit on.")

However, to resume: to every win you must expect at least four losses; and every horse should be given not less than three consecutive chances. It is, therefore, most important to exercise the greatest circumspection before deciding what horse to follow. Then, whatever the result, if you had a good, sensible reason for backing him, you can say—"Well, under similar circumstances, I should do the same thing again."

Remember the backer's Golden Rule is. "Follow a horse in form"; for what is a five or a seven lb. penalty to a good horse?

Again: avoid tipsters—they are frauds. Shun all "systems"—they fill the bookies' pockets. Don't be "stalled-off" your fancy by no matter whom.

No one wins unless he can make a resolution and stick to it.

To conclude: the game isn't worth the candle.

DANGEROUS LIFE-BELTS.

In every public swimming bath there ought to be a couple of life-belts, and the swimmer should be encouraged to practise floating with their aid. At first you will find difficulty in keeping your balance, for as soon as you grasp one side of the belt it bobs down, and your head consequently dips beneath the surface.

When this trouble is met with in the bath, one may imagine the desperate case of the inexperienced man who trusts his safety to a life-belt on a stormy sea. After nearly every shipwreck bodies are washed up with life belts firmly grasped in their rigid fingers.

If it is ever your misfortune to be on a sinking ship, place the belt over your head and shoulders till it rests beneath your armpits. In that position it will support you in the water for an indefinite period. You must be careful not to raise yourself up on the belt by means of your hands, for, as soon as the upper part of your body is above the surface, you will pitch over feet uppermost.

Properly managed, a good cork belt will keep five or six people afloat. One should get inside it, and the others should hang on by the cords attached to the sides.

GUTTER MUDIES.

In Farringdon Street, Exmouth Street and other thoroughfares where the London gutter merchants congregate, there have been established circulating libraries of a remarkable kind. The "books" which are lent out are of the penny-dreadful, or of the novelette type, the customers being chiefly errand boys and mill girls.

There is no subscription, the customer buying the paper outright at a reduced rate. For instance, he can purchase two out-of-date dreadfuls for a penny, and when he brings them back he will be allowed a halfpenny for the two. This works out at one farthing for the loan of each paper.

The system is profitable to the owners of these book barrows and there is no possibility of their being defrauded, as is so often the case with the more respectable lending libraries. It is also advantageous to the borrower, as for his penny he can get four papers to read instead of one.

Unquestionably there is an opening for some enterprising man to start a barrow where books of a more solid character would be lent out on the same principle. It is a method specially applicable to the poorer quarters of any town, for no guarantor is required, each borrower furnishing his own security.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

The Dragon in London

By SIGISMUND SMITH.

The dragon was found in a cave by a learned professor and his party who were exploring the extreme south of South America to find a specimen of the mammoth, which was supposed to have survived civilisation and to inhabit that draughty locality.

They did not find any mammoth, so they rested content with the dragon. It was frozen perfectly stiff when they found it, and they hitched it on to the deck of their steamer (it was too big to get into the hold) and set off for London.

At the Falkland Islands they cabled to their society, and preparations were made in South Kensington Museum for the reception of the dragon when they had unfrozen it, cleaned it up nicely, and stuffed it; they even had a notice printed in gilt letters to put beneath the case in which it was to be enclosed.

The voyage went very smoothly till the steamer was just opposite Plymouth. The day was warm, and somebody said that it was doubtless a very nice dragon, but it was developing a very strong smell.

The professor himself smoked Turkish cigarettes, so he could never smell anything, and he took no notice of the remark.

That evening when the ship was opposite the Needles the cabin boy said he saw the dragon move its tail, but nobody believed the cabin boy on principle.

Next morning, when the steamer arrived opposite Dover, the astounding discovery was made that the dragon was missing.

It had gradually been recovering from a state of coma during the voyage across the Atlantic, and, when it finally yawned and woke up, it looked over the edge of the vessel and saw the lights of Brighton shining northwards through the darkness. So it just slipped over the edge and swam ashore.

It was late as it made its way along the parade, and it only encountered one young man who had been dining out. He there and then made a vow never again to drink beer and whisky in the course of the same evening, and he determined to buy a seidlitz-powder in the morning, but he did not mention the dragon to anybody because he did not believe it really existed.

The next authentic information that we have concerning the dragon's movements is the evidence of a policeman who had started in the early morning to time motor-cars some distance south of Reigate. He was waiting at the foot of a hill, that being his best harvest ground, with his stop watch in hand, when suddenly there came rattling down the road towards him the gigantic dragon.

It should be mentioned here that the dragon could not fly, comfortably anyhow. It went along something like a turkey when you chase it; its toes seemed scarcely to touch the ground and most of the propulsion appeared to come from the wings, which fluttered and flapped beside and above it.

The policeman was so astounded at the apparition that the stop watch dropped from his hand. He was making a hasty calculation what he should charge the dragon with, but it settled the matter by slipping past him and disappearing in the distance.

Probably it did not keep to the road after this, for we do not hear of it again till it reached Burgh Heath. There it ensconced itself in a railway tunnel, and stopped all the trains, but not for long. It began to get hungry.

It was a remarkably cunning dragon to be so old-fashioned, and it stole out with great stealth, and hid round the corner of a wood till a motor-car came along. Then it swooped out, seized the owner of the motor-car, who was sitting beside his chauffeur, and returned with him to its railway tunnel, where a little boy who was playing truant saw it eating him and licking its lips.

Apparently he was something in the City, for the dragon found him very plump and delicious, so much so that it thought it would like to have another. It again hid itself behind the corner of the wood, and again it snapped up a passing motorist.

It would be tedious to tell how many motorists the dragon ate, and everybody began to wonder why it did not touch the chauffeurs. Then the professor informed the public that the dragons of the old days fed on furry animals, and this particular dragon selected only motorists who wore fur coats, under the impression that they were the animals that had once furnished its food in its native haunts.

The public were still discussing this latest development, when the astounding news came that the dragon had arrived in London.

A man with a racing car had been crossing Burgh Heath when the dragon popped out as usual. The dragon wanted him very much because he was wearing a very furry coat, but owing to the speed of the car it miscalculated its distance when it pecked, and so missed the mark.

But it was not to be outdone. It went after the motor in hot pursuit. The motorist turned on his highest gear, set his donkey engine to help the various horse-powers, and so just managed to keep in front of the dragon. His pace between Burgh Heath and Westminster Bridge will probably remain a record till flying machines are invented.

The dragon got him, though, just as he was about to seek refuge in the House of Commons.

Somebody suggested that the motorist had been dieting himself on patent breakfast foods. Certain it is that the dragon became very ill after eating him.

It stole up towards Trafalgar Square, looking the picture of that tired feeling. Then it made its way along the Strand, and finally drew up in front of the archway that leads to the courtyard of the Hotel Cecil. The archway was very like the mouth of its favourite tunnel, so it turned in and lay down.

The police wanted to get the dragon out, but they were unable to think how, so they satisfied themselves with cuffing the little boys who tried to get through the archway to have a peep, and with taking tips from the grown ups who also wanted a look.

The hotel authorities were much alarmed for the safety of their guests, but, as somebody pointed out, the windows were too small for the dragon to get in at, so there was really no particular danger. The guests themselves, however, were obliged to use the back door during the dragon's sojourn in the courtyard, and they did not like it.

By the time darkness arrived, the dragon had somewhat recovered from its meal, and the fire brigades began to turn out because they saw every evidence of fire reflected in the clouds above the hotel. That, of course, was just the dragon's breath.

Nobody could think of any possible scheme for slaying the dragon that night, so it was left in peace till the next morning.

Then a party of soldiers drew up in the courtyard, aimed at the dragon and fired a volley; but all the dragon did was to curl up its lips in a kind of smile and shake itself like a kitten does when you lay it on its back and tickle it.

The dragon thought the soldiers had invented a new game, and it was feeling very well pleased with itself and willing to play. When the soldiers saw this they kicked themselves, and the crowd for saying nasty things about them, and went away.

There was a more deadly enemy preparing to wage war with the dragon, however. Since it had been discovered that the dragon ate only furry motorists, fur coats had gone absolutely out of fashion. Nobody would wear one at any price, and the various fur companies were faced with impending bankruptcy.

They formed a trust, against which none of the halfpenny papers had anything to say, and planned and schemed all day, including even lunch time, how they might compass the dragon's death.

The War Office was willing to lend a big gun, but the hotel people refused to have any such thing fired in their courtyard.

Then somebody suggested that two large steel plates, with electric wires attached to them, should be dropped down into the courtyard and moved about with strings till the dragon stood upon them; with this it was hoped that it might be electrocuted. It took some hours of manœuvring till the plates were brought into the right position; when the dragon was fairly above them, the whole city's electric supply, which had been specially diverted for the purpose, was turned on.

This did not do the dragon any perceptible harm. It only made it dance on its hind legs and flap his wings in such a humorous manner that an old gentleman, who was looking out of an upper window, laughed so much that he toppled over into the courtyard. He was not dressed in a fur coat, but he had very big side-whiskers, and the dragon had him in a moment and still went on dancing gleefully.

After this little tit-bit the dragon wanted some more. It crept out of the archway and along the Strand to Wellington Street. There it stood at the corner and snapped the people who were coming across from Waterloo to the matinées. Nobody now wore fur coats, so the dragon's food lacked his favourite dressing. It had to content itself with those who wore whiskers, but altogether it made a pretty fair meal. Then it returned to its lair in front of the Hotel Cecil.

The War Office and the Home Office and the Fur Trust held a consultation and decided that they must do something to protect the lives of the populace.

They got some carcasses from Smithfield, and dressed them in second-hand fur coats, which could now be had very cheap. These they dropped from the windows of the hotel, but the dragon would not look at them. It believed in home-killed meat only.

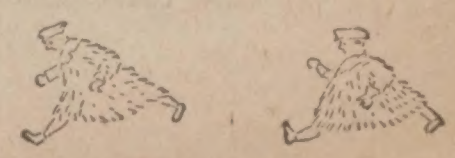
If they could not feed it they might at least be able to keep it inside, so they employed men to stretch wire netting from roof to roof, to prevent the dragon from flying out, and the L.C.C. provided tram-rails from a route that did not pay, and with these a strong iron trellis was rigged up across the archway.

Everything was all right till the morning, but then the dragon woke up and prepared to do some hunting at Wellington Street. When it turned to the archway it observed the rails that barred its path.

It opened its mouth pretty wide and just breathed. The rails melted and formed a pool on the pavement, through which the dragon stepped gingerly.

It was walking pretty quickly down the middle of the Strand, all the people running into shops out of the way, when suddenly it stopped and its face twitched with extreme pain.

Then it lay down on the roadway, putting its head against the edge of the pavement and laying its two front paws over its ears. Apparently this gave it no relief, so it lifted one paw and overturned a coster's barrow, which was laden with apples, so that they fell in a heap above



its head; but, to judge from the wrigglings of its tail, even this was insufficient to give it comfort.

A barrel organ was playing merrily twenty yards in front. The musician was blind, and had not fled when the dragon appeared, but had gone on playing valiantly, and was playing now.

The dragon saw that its coverings of paws and apples could not keep out the sound, so, closing its ears as well as possible with its two front feet, it hopped back to the archway, got inside and lay on the ground shivering.

The professor had been keeping a watchful eye on the dragon all along, for he felt that he had some sort of proprietary interest in it. He it was who made the first correct deductions from the dragon's strange behaviour when it heard the barrel organ. He went to the place where the Dragon Committee of the War Office, the Home Office and the Fur Trust was sitting constantly, and before them he laid the theory he had newly conceived that the dragon could not tolerate bad music.

It might be a forlorn hope, but they determined to act upon it. Telephones and messenger boys were set busy, and all the musical prodigies were summoned from their little beds.

Their fathers and mothers demanded specially big fees for the risks the prodigies would be encountering, and the public subscribed to pay these fees because they thought the dragon might really eat the prodigies, and if so their money would be well spent.

The prodigies were drawn up in the roadway. Some played pianos, some violins and some sang.

No sooner had they begun than the dragon tore up one of the paving stones, scratched a hole in the earth and thrust his head inside. The prodigies played and sang till they were out of breath, but the dragon still showed signs of life, so the Dragon Committee called off the prodigies. The Committee were sorry because they had not killed the dragon, and the public were sorry because the dragon had not killed the prodigies.

The enemies of the dragon had at last got upon the right track, however, and they determined to work the scheme for all it was worth. Several barrel organs were hired to play at the mouth of the courtyard, just to keep the dragon from coming out; and meanwhile urgent messages were sent to all the Scotch towns.

Next morning there arrived at Euston and King's Cross special trains packed to overflowing with bagpipe experts. They were hurried off to the Hotel Cecil in cabs and private omnibuses, and the Committee found that there were enough pipers to put one in every room that faced the courtyard.

The London Scottish and all the London Scots gathered in the Strand to hear the divine music. The more sentimental were stealthily wiping away tears, and all were thrilled with the thought of the moment when the pipes would skirl forth their various tunes, for it had been stipulated that each one should play something different.

When the dragon heard the windows being raised, it pulled its head out of the hole in the ground and looked upwards.

It thought for a moment that the hairy Highlanders were furry motorists, and it was about to make a dive for the nearest one when the shriek of the bagpipes came piercing from every window.

Who that witnessed this thrilling scene will ever forget it?

The pipers blew till their cheeks looked like the balloons that rise when an inner tube forces its way through a hole in a tyre.

Some said the cure was worse than the complaint, and demanded that the dragon should be let off. But the music was not long continued.

The dragon raised itself on its toes, flapped its wings, gave a screech of the most abject agony, and fell back upon the courtyard dead, knocking over as it did so a press photographer who had come to take a snapshot.

Bitter is the school of experience.—PHELPS.

I was dining at a friend's house.

"Oh, by the by," remarked my hostess, "I wish you'd come to a dance with us next Friday at the Grand Hotel. A friend of mine who is getting it up gave me some tickets to sell for her—they're only ten-and-six each—and I'm getting up a little party."

Friday evening arrived, and I duly turned up at the dance. A pretty girl and I were sitting on the stairs between the third and fourth items, and I was beginning to think dancing an excellent thing when she electrified me with the question:

"Are you a great admirer of street musicians?"

"An admirer of what?" I stammered.

"Of street musicians," she repeated. "You know this dance is in aid of the Society for the Assistance of Indigent Organ-grinders, its chief aim being to supply new instruments to those musicians whose present ones have worn out."

Fortunately the music for the next dance clashed out at that moment, and drowned my reply. It was not the sort of one the conversation books tell you to make, but you must understand that street musicians are my pet aversion, and I would willingly sacrifice a week's pay to have the whole tribe boiled in oil.

I was waltzing down the room with my fair partner—who did not now seem quite so fair—when I saw behind us the most extraordinary couple I have ever had the ill luck to behold.

The woman was bad enough, but it would take a spiteful member of her own sex to describe her fitly. I shall merely endeavour to portray the man.

He was enormously fat, and he was dancing just about as gracefully as a whale in a hip-bath, his face being a dark purple with his exertions, and the sweat pouring down his neck and softening his collar.

Skilfully, I hope, I steered my partner clear of them, but unfortunately for us, the fat man slipped, just as they were close to us. He clung to his lady, hoping to right himself, but he didn't. The pair of them flopped into my partner and me, and next moment the four of us were tobogganing over the waxed floor.

I have been in many a footer scrum, and have listened to a lecture on vegetarianism, but my resource and patience, so well cultivated, were as nothing in this dilemma.

The fat man, wanting someone to blame, fixed on me. Under the circumstances I could only pick up my partner and take her to a seat, trusting to see the fat person later; but there came a further cold douche to my enjoyment.

"You horrid man," said the girl, as I found a seat for her, "I don't want to speak to you ever again!"

This was the last straw, and I bolted for the refreshment room to get a drink. The best they had was a claret cup that must have been compounded by one of the street musicians, for anything more ghastly I have never tasted. I had swallowed a tumblerful at a gulp, and it tasted something like codliver-oil and paraffin.

The fat man, I learnt, had also had a dose and had felt so poorly after it that he was taken home in a cab. That was my one bit of luck.

If anyone ever sees me at another dance, he is welcome to a £5 note, even if he tells me that he is giving it to the Society for the Assistance of Indigent Organ-grinders. J. SIMPSON.

MODERN COWARDS.

SOME UNPLEASANT FACTS.

In the Grimsby police-court four men stood in the dock. They had been members of the crew of the trawler Liberia, and were charged with gross disobedience to their skipper's orders.

Captain Bowler told his story simply. The vessel encountered a terrific hurricane, and everything on the decks was adrift. He himself did not leave the bridge for twenty hours, and yet after that he was obliged to let the steering look after itself while he helped the mate and a deck-hand to stow the gear and lash casks. Why? Because the four defendants had gone below and flatly refused to do their work.

The magistrate asked them why they refused to come on deck.

"We didn't want to shirk our work," replied the spokesman of the four, "but if we had gone on deck we might have been washed overboard."

And these were sons of England, the mistress of the seas!

A London accountant named Marshall, accompanied by a friend, hied him up the Thames to spend the week-end on a launch. On the Sunday morning he went for a swim, but he had not gone far when he shouted: "Help me, I'm done!"

His friend could not swim, so he launched the dinghy, but before he could reach him Marshall was drowned.

All the time he struggled in the water, two young men in a boat were within ten yards of him. They rested on their oars, watching his fight for life; then when the river closed over him, they rowed away. Their identity is unknown, and they are scarcely likely to betray it.

Not very long ago a youth named Blackburn was drowned in the Halifax Corporation Baths. Joseph Bradley, an engineer employed there, had an unpleasant tale to tell at the inquest. A message was brought to him that someone was drowning, and he immediately ran to the swimming bath. Five young men were standing on the edge; they were all good swimmers, one of them being a prize-winner, but they said they were afraid to go to the help of the drowning youth.

"I called them cowards," concluded the engineer.

"You were quite right!" agreed a juryman.

In the early hours of an October morning a milk-carrier, named Roper, was walking along the Albert Embankment when he heard a man and a woman talking loudly on adjoining barges.

"You have ruined my life!" shouted the woman. "And I mean to come on your barge, even if I have to swim for it."

With that she plunged into the water, but it was obvious from her struggles that she could not swim. The man to whom she had been speaking sat where he was, smoking calmly and watching her.

"There she is!" shouted the milk-carrier, pointing to a white object struggling in the muddy water.

"That's only a dog," replied the man.

And so the woman was allowed to drown, although her words had proved that to one of the men, at least, she was more than a stranger.

On Hampstead Heath you will see rich city men taking their morning exercise on horseback.

In one part of the Heath there is a pond, and in this an unhappy woman recently determined to drown herself. There was no deep water near the edge, so she walked in till she stood submerged all but her head. Then her sanity returned to her, and she cried loudly for help.

Six horsemen heard her screams and drew up at the edge of the pond, but made no attempt to enter it. The only person who did was a woman, and when she had swum out to the suicide the unhappy wretch had disappeared.

"My horse wouldn't go into the water," said one of the men afterwards. No great tribute to his horsemanship, surely! And why couldn't he swim?

E. FOWLER

ARMY GROWLS

[In the following article some remarkable assertions are made in connection with life in the Army. I do not in any way associate myself with the writer's statements, but invite you to judge for yourself.—Ed.]

When a man advertises for a clerk at 22s. a week he has a hundred applications for the post. The pay of the soldier is equivalent to this, for the board and lodging which is found for him would cost in civil life 15s. a week. Why then does the War Office find it impossible to secure enough recruits? Simply because those who have been through the mill tell others what Army life is like, and possible recruits fight shy of it.

As soon as you enter the Army you are regarded by the authorities as a possible criminal, and you are spied upon during your leisure time by the military police, who arrest you for so-called crimes that no civilian would be even reprimanded for.

SOLDIERS, NOT CRIMINALS.

The system is the result of moss-grown tradition, a relic of the old days when Pitt filled the Army with the scourings of the gaols and the gutters, and when the people on seeing a soldier shouted: "Hide the girls! Lock up the hens!"

It is typical of the authorities that they still hold by the methods necessary for dealing with the soldiers of those days, although every man enlisting now comes with a certificate of character.

Abolish the military police. Teach the soldier self-reliance and self-respect. He is not a child to be kept on apron strings. Give him, during his off time, the freedom given to his servant by every civil employer; let him wear mufti if he wants to; let him feel that the Army is a profession and not a modern form of legalised servitude.

When the soldier has committed an offence he does not receive the privileges granted in all civil courts even to the habitual criminal; he may be condemned to prison by a court-martial consisting of two boy officers who have served only a twelvemonth; what are their qualifications for weighing the evidence that is to prove a man's guilt or innocence?

A MAN'S CHARACTER AT STAKE.

They take it for granted that if you have not done something wrong you would not be before them, and on this assumption they inflict a permanent injury on your reputation. The stain is never forgotten, for it is inscribed on that iniquitous document the defaulter sheet, to bear witness against you to the end of your Army career; once be convicted of the most paltry breach of regulations, and years of spotless conduct will not efface the blemish.

Should the soldier feel aggrieved at the treatment meted out to him by his immediate superior, he may appeal to the colonel, later to the general of the brigade, and so on till he finally appeals to the War Office itself; then this sleepy-headed institution settles the appeal by referring the whole matter to the colonel, whose decision has already proved unsatisfactory to the soldier. But no soldier in his sober senses dares to complain about anything; if he has any rights he must not stick up for them, for to do so makes him a marked man.

On enlisting, the soldier sells himself as a fighting machine to the Government for certain considerations, but the contract is a one-sided arrangement. Take the pay as an instance. The recruit discovers to his chagrin that there are endless stoppages for clubs he may not want to join, and for other things which were conveniently forgotten by the recruiting sergeant and in his brilliantly imaginative pamphlets.

In most regiments the food is a constant source of complaint. The soldier is allowed a daily ration of three-quarters of a pound of meat, including fat and bone; in most cases he gets that amount of fat and bone including meat. Why?

Ask the quartermaster, the head cook and the contractor. Have you ever wondered how the two former manage to dress their families so well, or how they get the wherewithal to start in business when they take their discharge?

WORKHOUSE TREATMENT.

Why should the tea be served in mugs? Cups and saucers are not, so very dear.

Why should the table be innocent of a cloth? Why should the soldier have to sit on a wooden form, in a room bare and depressing like the dining-hall of a workhouse?

Another thing which makes the life uninviting is the foolish amount of menial labour. Those who have signified their readiness to die for their country if need be, must prove their loyalty by scrubbing floors, carrying coals and cleaning windows.

The barracks are for the most part dismal and uncomfortable. St. Mary's Barracks, Chatham, was originally designed for a prison, and has been described by a distinguished general as unfit for a coal-cellar; at Lichfield, until recently, the married quarters were so insufficient that whole families were sleeping in one room; and so on throughout the country, London barracks being amongst the few where there is any comfort.

From the moment you join till the day you leave the Army, you can never be alone. There are times when you desire privacy—when you say your prayers, for instance—but you cannot have it. One form or another of religion is forced upon you, but you are not allowed the seclusion necessary for devotion.

USED, AND CAST ASIDE.

Even personal cleanliness is encouraged and discouraged in the same way. You must take a bath at least once a week, on pain of punishment, but there is in most barracks only one bath to every hundred men, and even in the coldest weather there is no hot water, unless you purchase it from the cook.

The worst trouble of all is that which you experience on leaving the Army. Even with the three years' system of service with the colours, you will on your discharge have reached an age that makes it difficult to start a civilian career, and under the present régime you get small encouragement to stay on and qualify for a pension.

The War Office is making a half-hearted attempt to provide the soldier with technical training, quite forgetting that, even when he has this, things will not be better, for nowadays employers want younger men.

And they can get them.

The difficulty can only be solved by reserving all official posts—in the police, Post Office and Government departments — for time-expired soldiers. Better national servants it would be impossible to find.

COMBINATION FORBIDDEN.

In civil life men can combine to agitate for better conditions of work, but the King's Regulations forbid to his soldiers this protective policy which is allowed to all his other subjects. Improvements must therefore come from the authorities, and until they are made they may whistle for recruits.

To say that conscription is necessary is nonsense; there are thousands of young men ready to serve their country at the pay now offered, but they will stand back till the conditions of work in the Army have been brought more into line with those prevailing in civil life, and till the resemblance between the barracks and the convict prison has become less marked.

Give us an Army where the treatment of the soldier is reasonable, and we shall have thousands seeking admission to it. The life ought to be a fine one. Why isn't it?

J. Burgess.

CAMERA SPORT.

COMBINING EXERCISE WITH PHOTOGRAPHY.

I suppose I am a bit of a crank. I used to be an ardent sportsman, killing everything that moved within reach of my gun, but gradually I realised the brotherhood of all living things, and I determined not to kill them.

But the instinct of the chase was too strong to be denied altogether, so I still continued to pursue the game, but instead of pulling a trigger at them I merely clicked the shutter of my snapshot camera. I leave others to their own opinions, but for my part I find in this the full pleasure of hunting, and I have amassed a collection of snapshots which nothing would tempt me to sell.

Night is one of the best times for getting unique photographs. Just as the last streak of daylight has gone, I launch my boat and glide down a Highland stream. On a short mast rigged in the prow, there burns a bright light focussed at the front with a lens. Just under this stands the camera, and on one side is the pan of magnesium powder.

I am stealing along gently, when suddenly I see a dark form at the water's edge. It is a stag with glorious antlers, and he is gazing wonderingly at my headlight. Experience has taught me that his curiosity will be too strongly aroused to permit his taking flight till I am close upon him. So I let the boat drift on.

Another twenty yards and I am within range. Then I pull the trigger. There is a blinding flash, and my picture is taken. The stag flounders in his panic into the water; then he begins to see again, and I can hear him scrambling ashore and dashing through the bracken. My primitive instincts of hunting have been satisfied, and I have an interesting photograph to bring back instead of a mangled carcass.

Once, when I was in the Shetlands, news was brought that an eagle had been seen on a certain cliff. I packed my camera, and together with a couple of fishermen and a stout rope set off for the place.

The eagle was not in sight, but I got them to lower me over the face of the cliff, and about a third of the way down I beheld that rare object, an eagle's nest with three young birds in it.

I snapped it at once, and when I looked round the old hen bird was hovering not a dozen yards from me. I snapped her, too, and then signalled to be pulled up, for I could see she meant mischief. When she saw me moving towards the cliff top she seemed alarmed and moved off.

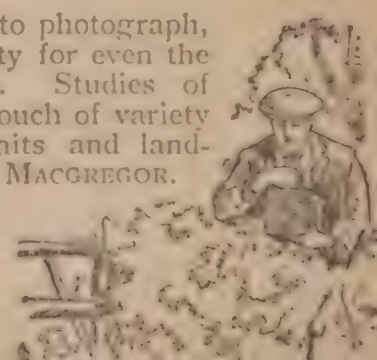
It is difficult to approach grouse near enough for a good photograph. Last year I secured a snapshot of a covey only by waiting three whole days in an improvised butt. I dug a hole in the ground, and built a wall of turf around it, and there I waited till at length the grouse came down beside me. I do not believe the photo could possibly have been secured had the birds been made wild with shooting, but I got it towards the end of July, for there is no close season for the camera sportsman.

Occasionally I fix my camera beside a rabbit track, attaching to the shutter a thread which runs along the ground, so that any passing animal will photograph itself. You can get some interesting pictures in this way, and one of the charms of it is that you never know till you have actually developed the negative what the picture will be.

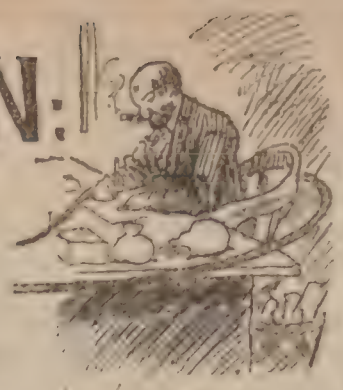
I remember on one such occasion there was presented on the plate an unmistakable likeness of the cat belonging to the farm where I was staying. Puss thus proved herself a poacher, but I rather liked her, and kept my information a secret.

Sparrows are most interesting to photograph, and here at least is an opportunity for even the most orthodox of snapshotters. Studies of these birds will lend a pleasant touch of variety to the usual collection of portraits and landscapes.

Donald Macgregor.



LONDON: HELL



IV. SPIDERS AND FLIES.

London! The needy villain's general home,
The common sewer of Paris and of Rome.—JOHNSON.

A certain amount of courage and a decent appearance are required of the West-End sharp and the confidence trickster, but nothing beyond a brain of moderate clearness and an absolute lack of a sense of wrongdoing are needed in the case of the swindler who does his work from an office. There is nothing attractive about him; he is not even pleasant to talk with; he has never tried to make himself so.

Take, as a typical example, William Davenport, otherwise known as Wells of Monte Carlo. He is a little man with a yellow skin and a cunning expression, and those he has swindled would never have parted with their shekels had they had a look at him, but he kept out of sight.

It will be remembered how in 1891 he broke the bank at Monte Carlo, winning in all some £30,000. Fired by the lust of getting money easily, he exploited in the following year 192 inventions which he had actually gone to the trouble of patenting; they embraced such diverse articles as a musical skipping rope and a propellor for steamers, and, posing as an engineer, he advertised requesting the confiding public to supply him with funds to exploit his various contrivances.

MUG-HUNTING.

Over this he netted again fully £30,000, but, seeing that the inventions did not work and that the whole scheme was a bogus one, the police got on his track. He accordingly boarded his fine steam yacht and made for Havre, where, however, the French police arrested him and sent him back. It was Mr. Justice Hawkins who sent him to penal servitude for eight years.

Steamship propellers seem to have had a special fascination for Davenport, for two years ago—shortly after his release—he advertised shares in a South Coast fishing company, driving home his arguments by sketches of the propeller of a trawler lying in dry dock; doubtless you remember the pictures.

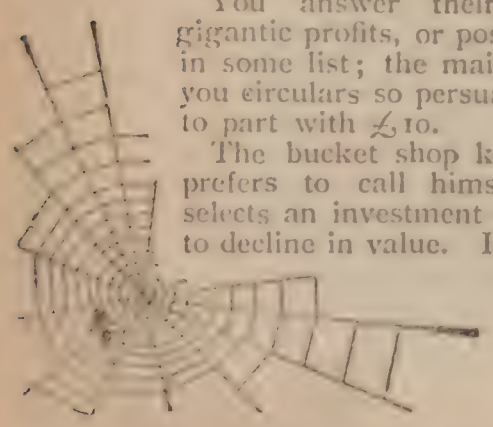
The assertions made in his advertisements were of the most impudent and obviously deceptive character, but the public bolted the bait at a gulp, and many thousands of pounds were netted by Wells and Moyle, his confederate. Again the police had them sent to penal, but, though the public is safe from these two rogues, there are plenty of others playing the same and similar games.

WOULD-BE SWINDLERS AS VICTIMS.

It is probable that the people who bought Davenport's shares did not think they were flies but spiders; they imagined that the craze would increase, and that they would be able to sell at a profit to lesser flies, but in all these cases the spiders swooped down before the lesser flies had a chance of coming in.

Take the case of the bucket shop. Over twenty of these swindles are being profitably conducted in London at the present moment, and half of them are advertising in daily papers of repute.

You answer their advertisement offering gigantic profits, or possibly they get your name in some list; the main thing is that they send you circulars so persuasive that you are induced to part with £10.



The bucket shop keeper or, as he generally prefers to call himself, outside broker, then selects an investment which he knows is bound to decline in value. He sends you a letter, saying he has invested your £10 in this investment on the cover system, and you see in your newspaper that the security has declined in value and that your cover has run off. You call it bad luck, but that £10 was never invested at all. The swindler simply put it in his pocket.

They are seldom brought to book because their clients are chiefly people of the lower middle class who cannot afford to be accused of speculation, for, should the client's employer discover that he is addicted to Stock Exchange transactions, he will probably consider him an unsafe man to have in a trusted position; therefore the client holds his tongue and the shark sails on securely.

Company promoting may be considered the modern and scientific equivalent of the old-fashioned highway robbery. Reputable trading firms are wont to float themselves as limited companies, but their names are household words, and the investor may speculate in them safely.

THE NEW COMPANY.

Where caution is required is in the case of the new company dealing in some commodity you have never heard of. Generally the swindler brings out some new soap and advertises it extensively, so as to get the public familiar with the name. Then he sends you a well-printed and expensive prospectus, and invites you to share in his future profits.

Unsuspectingly you forward him your £5 and 10,000 others do the same. If you read the prospectus carefully you will find that the control of the company is left largely in the hands of the promoter and his immediate friends. By and by it is found that the soap fails to catch on. The business done is so small and the expenses are so high that eventually it is suggested the company be wound up, and the shareholders, preferring to cut the loss, agree.

They get 1d. in the £1, and the promoter pockets the thousands he has made out of the scheme, and cudgels his brains for an idea for a new company.

The advertisement columns of the daily newspaper are a god-send to this type of swindler. You will see for instance a notice concerning a fine bicycle which the owner is obliged to part with as he is going abroad. You reply to a box number and are then invited to call at a certain house where the bicycle is exhibited for your inspection.

MADE FOR THE PURPOSE.

It appears to be absolutely new and you are shown a printed receipt indicating that the present owner paid £15 for it. He offers it to you for £5.

As a matter of fact the heading on that receipt has been done for him by a jobbing printer and the writing has been filled it by himself. The bicycle cost him £2 10s., and was manufactured expressly for this and other types of swindles, from parts which had been rejected and sold as scrap by various makers.

Perhaps the cruellest of all swindles is that in which the unemployed are exploited. The usual game is for the shark to insert an advertisement of an attractive post, and to write every applicant saying that he is one of the five finally selected from long lists to be submitted to the prospective employer.

The shark informs the applicant that he must send a 5s. booking fee before his name can be submitted to the employer. As each of a hundred or more applicants gets the same letter, and generally despatches the 5s., this game is as profitable as it is cruel.

Sometimes to inspire confidence the applicant receives in the first place a sheet of foolscap paper with a number of questions printed on it concerning himself and his accomplishments, and it is only after he has filled in the answers that he gets the request for the fee.

The fattest branch of this swindle, however, is that of advertising for cashiers and others to occupy responsible positions. £50 is required as a deposit to guarantee integrity, and the dupe is installed in an office which the swindlers have taken for that purpose.

One morning he is waiting to have instructions from his chief and discovers to his horror that that gentleman has bolted, to play the trick somewhere else with another office.

The home employment swindler has been exposed time and again, but he still finds victims. He advertises offering perhaps 10s. a day for addressing circulars. To your application he sends a reply demanding 2s. 6d. for an outfit. The outfit consists of a shilling fountain pen.

THE SALARY BAIT.

On its receipt you learn the conditions of employment, and find that the 10s. a day will be paid not for circular addressing but as commission at 10 per cent. on similar pens sold by you. How many you would require to sell in a day to make the 10s. you can work out for yourself.

Stencil cutting is another wheeze. The applicants are provided with some cardboard and a sixpenny pocket knife for 5s., and are invited to cut out cardboard stencils, the advertiser promising to buy back each stencil for a shilling if the work is satisfactory; of course it never is satisfactory and no work is sold.

There are endless developments of the same thing. Knitting machines, postcards to colour, and rubber stamps are all foisted at three times their real value upon those who do not want them.

One of these swindlers recently opened a shop in the West-End for the sale of needle-work, paying his unhappy dupes next to nothing and charging them gigantic sums for "storage."

MARRIAGE BROKERS.

Marriage brokerage has had a nasty knock, because some of its practitioners carried the thing a little too far, and sensational cases in court were the result. Nevertheless these swindlers still wax fat.

The usual thing is to advertise that an heiress, aged forty, desires to marry a steady young man. There are many young men ready to take the heiress of forty, and so their applications pour in. They are then informed that their names can only be submitted to her if they are on the books as clients of the agent, and are informed that the booking fee is 10s. 6d. Having paid this, the applicants hear nothing further, and if they worry the agent they are simply informed that the lady has chosen someone else.

Sometimes these agents are more daring. A girl client will receive a demand for a "renewal fee" of £5. She refuses, and is informed that the money will be sued for in court. Rather than have this publicity the girl pays up.

The swindling dramatic agent is now sharply looked after, but he still manages to circumvent the law by charging £5 a week for tuition. This consists of the dupe singing as badly as he chooses to the accompaniment of a cracked piano thumped by a hireling at £1 a week.

THEIR FIRST APPEARANCE.

Then a large fee is extracted to secure an appearance at a West-End theatre. You imagine you are going to play a leading part, but there is nothing as to that in the receipt given you, and the agent simply arranges with the supermaster for you to walk on with the crowd.

The men who sell washing soda for 18s. an ounce as a cure for nerves, rheumatism, bad legs, anemia, and so on do a wonderful business amongst our intelligent British public. Then we have the rogues in robes who play on the vanity of our lay preachers offering them worthless degrees at £5 apiece.

If you want a practical insight into the naughtiness of this section of the inhabitants of London, advertise that you are a young man with £1,000 and are seeking a good investment for it. The replies you will receive will be more diverting than any novel, but make up your mind before you begin to read them that on no account will you be taken in, for they are extremely persuasive.

STUART FREEMAN.

[*Another article of this series will appear next week*—ED.]

ELECTRIC BATHS

YOU CAN EASILY FIT ONE UP.

One of the best ways in which to employ the electric current for the cure of disease is by means of the bath. The chief expenditure will be upon an induction coil which will cost about 5s. 6d. A dry cell will cost 1s. 6d. Four yards of insulated wire will cost 4d.

These are the only things you need to buy, and all of them, with the exception of the dry cell, will last indefinitely. A fresh cell will be required about once in six months.

The bath should be warm, as the current can be borne more easily than when the water is cold. Place the cell and the induction coil on the edge of the bath, joining them with two small pieces of wire in the way in which the tradesman who sold you the coil will explain. To each of the screws at the other end of the coil attach a piece of insulated wire two yards long.

CAUTIOUS PREPARATIONS.

To the extremities of these wires fix two pieces of brass to act as electrodes or handles. A couple of old coat hooks will do admirably.

Place the electrodes underneath the surface of the water, one at the top of the bath, and the other at the foot, and turn the thumbscrew of the coil till the current passes through it. When the familiar purring sound has started, place your hands in the bath, and you will observe that there is passing between the electrodes a current strong enough to make your fingers tingle.

If the cell is a weak one the current will not be too strong for you to take out the electrodes and hold them in your hand, but this is a thing which you should on no account attempt to do at first, for should the current be powerful your arms may be temporarily paralysed and you may be unable to turn off the connection.

If you must play with the electrodes out of the water, test the current gradually by taking one in each hand and bringing your hands together beneath the surface of the water till they almost touch. If the current then does not appear overpowering, you may gradually raise one hand out of the water.

While the electrodes are in the water there is a certain amount of the current passing direct from one to the other without going through your body, but when one of them is in the air all the current passes through you.

READY AT LAST.

I mention these things not because they are directly connected with the electric bath, but because you ought to have this information if you are going to deal with electricity. If you have a weak heart, a sudden shock of electricity might do you harm, but there is no danger of receiving one if you see that the electrodes are both kept in the water.

Having arranged the bath just so, lie down in it. You will observe that when you put your feet near the electrode at the bottom there is a distinct tingling, and if you place your back upon the electrode at the top end you will observe the same sensation there.

In such a position you are intercepting the bulk of the current, and very little is passing direct through the water. By taking one electrode in your hand (still keeping it beneath the water), you can guide it over the various muscles of your body, making each contract in turn.

It may be asked why one should go to all this trouble. The reasons are many. In the case of a strained muscle, for instance, an intermittent application of electricity, by means of one electrode being held close to it in the bath and the feet being pressed against the other, will give instant relief, and will bring the muscle into a condition of fitness much more rapidly than would otherwise be possible.

Similarly an application to the cheek, dipped beneath the surface for this purpose, will stop toothache and cure neuralgia. The current stimulates the nerves, brings them into a healthy condition, and thus removes the disease.

The greatest benefit of electricity, however, is observable in cases of general lack of fitness. In cases of such general lassitude one electrode should be placed at the top of the spine and the other at the feet, in order that the current may traverse the whole length of the body and particularly the region of the spinal cord.

A PICK-ME-UP.

Apart altogether from disease, electricity is an excellent general tonic, and resembles fresh air and good food in that it is followed by no unpleasant reaction. Taken each morning or each evening in your bath in the manner described, the current will improve your health to an astonishing extent.

As a means of physical culture the electric current is most useful. When one electrode is applied to a muscle you can feel it gradually bulging up. The effect is thus the same as that of lifting heavy weights, but it is more beneficial because the current stimulates the muscle as well as exercises it, and thus helps it to repair the waste caused by the work it does.

Readers who are fortunate enough to live in houses where an electric supply is laid on from the street can purchase a simple contrivance by which various resistances may be introduced to intercept the full strength of the current and make it applicable to the bath treatment.

This apparatus, however, is more costly than the battery and coil I have described, and I do not recommend its use, as in the hands of an inexperienced person accidents are liable to occur; the wrong resistance may be put in, and a current of terrific strength may be administered to the body, doing more harm than good.

ARTHUR TODD.

WHAT YOU ARE SMOKING.

The average smoker knows very little about the tobacco he smokes. It seems to be the general impression that tobacco when growing is the same colour as we find it in the tobacconist's. Such is not the case, as in the plantation it is green like lettuce, and it is only the drying and fermentation of the leaf that brings it to the colour usually associated with tobacco.

The 1904 crop of Virginia tobacco was the finest produced during the past ten years. In this crop the leaf was thick and full-bodied, containing abundant oils and essences, which give the flavour to tobacco; smokers of to-day are therefore in luck.

It may seem curious to the smoker that he has just started to use the fine Virginia crop of 1904, to-day. This is accounted for by the long process of maturing which this crop had owing to some difficulties in clearing from bond.

No doubt many cigarette smokers have noticed that in very dry weather a cigarette seems to burn itself away in a few puffs. This quick burning is caused by the moisture being dried out of the tobacco and very often by the use of extremely thin tobacco leaf in the cutting.

Cigarettes will sometimes be seen with the paper stained brown in places. These stains are caused by oils, which exist in the tobacco, being absorbed by the paper

It is not a sign of deterioration; in fact, a cigarette stained with tobacco oil is very sweet to smoke.

Tobacco in all forms depends entirely upon nature. Given a good crop—not necessarily a large crop—with the leaf thick and well grown, a good time follows for the smoker after the crop has been properly matured, and if he is discriminating he will immediately detect the difference.

CHAUFFEURS' PERKS.

He serves, and seeks for gain.—KING LEAR.

I do not make any attack on chauffeurs as a class. I am dealing with the black sheep only. Unfortunately the black sheep of this particular trade form a very high percentage.

An unscrupulous chauffeur begins his tactics immediately he takes up his job. For the first week he endeavours to convince his employer of his terrific skill, coolness, and general merit, so that what he says is listened to.

If the owner has a private garage one source of revenue is cut off, but if the car is stored in a public garage the chauffeur calls round and asks how much commission he is going to get while the car remains there.

Possibly the firm is too respectable to give him any commission, so he sets about getting the car transferred to another place. He points to a dent in the mudguard, shows where some enamel has been scratched, and indicates some dirt that the cleaners are supposed to have left. He suggests that the car should be housed at a different garage, and his employer consents. At the new place 5 per cent. commission is allowed on the owner's bill.

If there are many breakdowns, and if the lubricating oil and petrol are wilfully spilt on the roads, the bill for supplies and repairs will necessarily be high and the commission correspondingly large.

If the car is housed at home and the driver has been engaged because of his ability to make repairs, he will constantly have broken parts. A chain will snap owing to a piece of loose road metal flying upwards, sparking plugs will be required constantly, new acetylene lamps will be quite necessary. Even if the owner knows the price of these things, and even if he has them sent direct from the manufacturers to himself, he cannot prevent the secret understanding which so frequently exists between the makers and the driver that the latter shall have 5 per cent. on the paid bill.

Possibly the chauffeur will not rest content with commission on renewals and petrol, but may determine to fly at higher game. He will then point out to the owner that this car is quite unsuited for his use. It does not run so smoothly as another make, and—an argument that very often tells when another fails—it consumes more petrol and costs more to keep up than would some other car.

If the chauffeur is convincing and lucky, the owner will announce that he has come to share his opinion and will declare his readiness to purchase the recommended make provided he can obtain a fair offer for his present car.

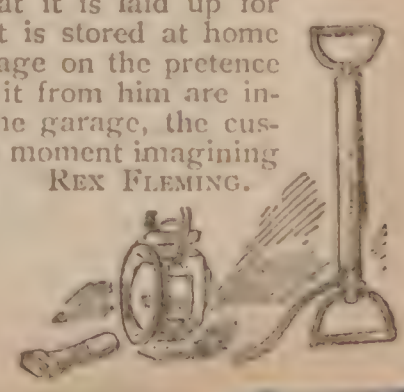
The wily chauffeur thinks that he might possibly secure a customer, but it would mean several journeys into town, and a good deal of expense, for only by treating his acquaintances in the trade is it possible for him to obtain particulars of a possible buyer.

The owner considers this perfectly natural, and allows the man expenses to find a customer, promising him a commission on the price as well.

When at last he introduces the customer and the car changes hands, he receives the promised commission from his employer, but he also receives another and more substantial one from the purchaser, who has through the machinations of the chauffeur secured a high-class car at about half the price it would have fetched in the open market. Then there is the commission bigger than either of the other two which the makers of the recommended car hand to him.

Where the owner of a car has been easy going, cases have been known where the chauffeur has actually hired it out at so much a day. Where it is stored in a public garage this is easy, as he can explain that it is laid up for necessary repairs. Where it is stored at home he can have it sent to a garage on the pretence of repairs. Those who hire it from him are introduced by employees at the garage, the customer in this case never for a moment imagining that it is a private car.

REX FLEMING.



COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By G. C. STABLES.

Mr. Julius Howe passed quickly along Queen Victoria Street in his electric brougham, for the hour was late, and the roadway deserted save for an occasional racing motor-'bus.

At the corner of Blackfriars Bridge there was a momentary pause, and then the brougham spun easily and silently down on to the Embankment.

The day had been close, but the night was cool and refreshing. The moon was peeping up above the buildings on the south side of the river, putting to shame the glaring electric advertisements, and mingling its reflections with theirs upon the dark flowing waters. The tide was in, and consequently the river smelt as sweet as the Thames ever does. The usual dust of the Embankment was not apparent, for the darkness hid it. Far in front, through the arches of Waterloo Bridge, he could see the graceful curve of the Embankment lights, and for all of this Mr. Howe, in spite of his commercial instincts, had an appreciative eye.

He ordered his driver to stop.

"Take the car home," he said. "I shall not want it more."

He passed through the shadow of the trees and crossed the white pavement till he stood at the parapet, gazing down upon the waters beneath.

But Mr. Julius Howe was by no means inclined to athletics, and the fatigue of standing presently induced him to look about for a seat.

Selecting a bench that was empty, and in the kindly light of the lamps apparently clean, Mr. Howe seated himself. He could not now see the reflections on the water, but he could still see the lights, and had the satisfaction of breathing in the cleanest air that the Londoner can get.

Presently a young man sat down beside the millionaire. Mr. Howe took his measure in an instant, for he read men by their appearance like open books.

The stranger was obviously an artist. His soft hat, his long hair, his flowing tie, his thinness of feature and of person, were sufficient indications of his calling. Mr. Howe, as he looked at him, contrasted his character with his own. The one was a man of action, the other obviously a dreamer; and Mr. Howe thought what fools the dreamers were, for he had on several occasions made good hard cash out of the ideas that had been born in the minds of such.

"It's a beautiful night," remarked the stranger, "and the scene is just such a one as Whistler would have loved to depict. On such an evening as this I often regret that Turner never thought of painting night scenes. There is to my mind as much beauty in the Thames down here at night as there is in its upper reaches when the sun is playing on the trees and the pale sky is reflected on its bosom."

Mr. Howe was by no means averse from talking, especialy as the stranger was obviously not one of the type which frequent the Embankment and for the privilege of speaking with whom you must in decency pay a copper or two. Mr. Howe hated the very name of charity, hated it because it necessitated parting with the money he loved so much. His knowledge of art was limited to the prices paid for famous pictures, but at this moment he was seeking distraction from the cares of business, and the empty babbling of the stranger was sufficiently entertaining.

"The scene is indeed beautiful," said Mr. Howe.

"Some day," said the stranger, "I shall be able to do it justice, such justice as will bring people crowding to the Embankment to behold the reality of the beauty I have taught them to understand."

"Why don't you do it that justice without delay?" asked Mr. Howe, with just a tinge of sarcasm in his voice.

"I must wait," replied the stranger, "for weeks as least—it may be for years. To paint with the glorious colour of the old masters I must possess the pigments which they employed. Why should I try to rival them with our modern paltry imitations of their colours? I am at present engaged on a series of experiments which will, I trust, put me in possession of their secret before very long."

"It is rather unusual surely," said Mr. Howe, "for an artist to spend his time in making scientific experiments in regard to paints. I imagine, too—if I may say so without offence—that the experiments, not being immediately profitable, could land the investigator in uncomfortable financial difficulties."

"You are, I can see, a man of the world," replied the artist, "but poverty never held terrors for me. Art to me is life, and a beautiful picture is a meal.

"Years ago when I began my investigations under the direction of Professor Blutner in his laboratory at Dresden, I knew what poverty was, for I was working without a salary, and glad to have the opportunity of doing so under such an instructor.

"Then, as my inquiries began to bear fruit, I determined to come to London for the final experiments; I do not mind saying that since I have been here I have sold newspapers in the streets and have even begged to obtain money enough for the furtherance of my investigations. But that was several years ago.

"Since then I have discovered that, in attempting to produce the colours of the old masters, I have accidentally manufactured certain by-products which I am able to dispose of with profit. I am not sufficiently interested to investigate their nature, for it is the colours I am after and not the by-products, but they are useful in supplying me with the necessaries of life and with fresh materials for my experiments."

"For my part," said Mr. Howe, "I should be content to have discovered the profitable by-products which you speak of. I suppose it would be impertinent on my part to inquire the nature of your process."

He felt that there was just a chance that the said by-products might be worth a good deal more than the artist was getting for them.

"It would be a long story to give you a full description of the process," said the artist, "but I have not the least objection in the world to furnishing you with an outline of it. You must know that the paints of the old masters are made from certain earths. Where those earths came from there is no telling now, and so I have endeavoured to manufacture them afresh.

"I have devised a globe of steel which comes apart in the middle and can be filled with anything I like. I put inside it pieces of granite and freestone, filings of lead, iron and copper, and a charge of gun cotton.

"Then I seal the two hemispheres together and light a fuse which explodes the gun cotton. The globe is much too strong to burst, and in this way I submit the various stones and metals to a pressure similar to that which earth has passed through during the ages.

"When I open the globe again I find various strange products, but hitherto I have not found earth of the colour and consistency required.

"Look here," he added, turning from the lights upon which he had been gazing, and fixing his eyes on the merchant's face, "I should be happy to show you my apparatus if you would care to step up to Fleet Street and inspect it."

Mr. Howe's curiosity had been aroused, for, though he had little respect for dreamers, he had great respect for the money that could sometimes be made out of them. He therefore accepted the stranger's invitation, and was conducted to an attic room in a house in Fleet Street.

On one table stood a large steel globe, with many bottles and retorts. On a shelf near the door were several works on geology, and lumps of various rocks and metals.

The room was littered with scraps of paper on which might be read scientific formulæ. It was, in short, the room of a man of science, though its untidiness proclaimed its tenant as being a dreamer as well.

"I exploded a charge just before I came out," said the artist. "It takes the globe an hour to cool down, but I think it should be ready now. I wonder whether I shall at last have discovered the secret of the colours."

He turned a dozen small thumb screws and removed the top of the globe, and the merchant noticed that a sulphurous smell pervaded the room. The artist carried the globe across to where the lamp was standing and examined its contents critically.

"No luck yet," he said, laying down a wooden stick with which he had been stirring about. "Have a look at the stuff produced if you like."

Mr. Howe took the stick and turned over with it the lumps of stuff lying in the iron vessel. One was very heavy, and he lifted it out. It was covered with brown earth, but when Mr. Howe had rubbed it smartly on the sleeve of his coat it gleamed bright and yellow.

"Gold, by heavens!" muttered Mr. Howe. Then turning to the artist he said:

"I think possibly I could offer you rather a better price for this stuff than you get at present."

"You forget, sir," said the artist, "that I am no lover of money, and I have no desire to sell the by-products elsewhere. Therefore if you wish to purchase the piece you have selected I must ask you to give me ten shillings an ounce for it."

Obviously the stuff was worth £3 an ounce, and Mr. Howe purchased not only this lump but several others which the artist had in a box ready for disposal. Altogether he bought two hundred ounces and handed the artist a cheque for £100.

"Damned fool!" said Mr. Howe to himself as he made his way downstairs. "Fancy his not knowing what this is!"

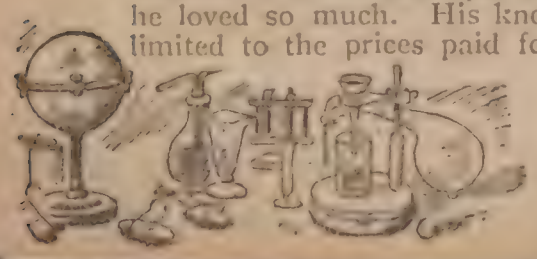
The actual profit which he knew he would make from the transaction, was a comparatively small matter to a man of Mr. Howe's substance; it was the satisfaction of having done somebody that yielded the pleasure.

It was not till Mr. Howe took one of the lumps to a wholesale jeweller on the following day that he was informed that the stuff was simply brass, plated with a film of gold. Mr. Howe dashed off to his bank to cancel the cheque, but he discovered that it had been presented and paid an hour before and that no questions had been asked, as it had been made out, at the artist's request, to bearer.

Then Mr. Howe paid a visit to the house in Fleet Street, where he learned that the artist had taken the room only for a week and had left that very morning.

"If you are Mr. Howe," said the woman who lived in the attic on the same floor and cleaned the offices beneath, "the gentleman said I was to give you this packet."

Mr. Howe opened the parcel and found it to contain a dry cell and a little bowl in which apparently lumps of brass had been gold-plated. On the side of the bowl was written this message in black lead: "Never try to take advantage of the ignorance of other people. It's awfully easy to do a man if he thinks he's doing you. Thanks very much for your cheque. Thanks, and good-bye."



How to Ride a Horse

To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.—
KING HENRY IV.

Learning to ride is a difficult and rather unpleasant business owing to the number of things you have to learn simultaneously; your troubles are further augmented by the fact that a set of muscles hitherto undeveloped are now called into play and you find your legs and thighs becoming extremely sore.

The first thing to do as a preparation for your lessons is to strengthen these muscles.

The following exercise, practised twenty to forty times morning and night, will develop the necessary muscles sufficiently in a week. Stand erect with your heels together and your hands on your waist; now bend your knees forwards and outwards keeping your body straight, and gradually lowering it until you are almost sitting on your heels; then rise up gradually till you assume your original position, and repeat the dose.

PUTTING THE TACKLE TO RIGHTS.

This exercise brings into play the thigh muscles that are used in riding, and not only will it prevent the discomfort generally felt by a beginner but it will also teach the necessary art of balance, for, if he can bob up and down in the way I have indicated without toppling forwards, he has learnt a useful lesson.

It is now time to make your first experiment on a horse. Before mounting see that the girth is just sufficiently tight; if it is right you ought to be able to slip the fingers of one hand between it and the horse's belly.

In the case of a double bridle, the curb chain should just allow you to pass your thumb between it and the horse's jaw.

The length of stirrup will best be ascertained after you are in the saddle, but a pretty safe guide is that it should be just as long as your arm. Slip your fingers underneath the saddle-flap till they touch the metal contrivance which holds the stirrup-leather to the saddle. With the other hand place the leather along your arm, and if the length is right the stirrup-iron should come just under your arm-pit.

HOW TO MOUNT.

Now to mount. Stand at the horse's near, or left, side and take the reins in your left hand, twisting a lock of the horse's mane in with them.

Face the horse's tail, and with your right hand hold the stirrup and put your left foot in it. The stirrup-leather must be twisted half round.

Now place your right hand well to the off-side of the cantle, and jump into the saddle.

You have all this time been facing the horse's tail, but in mounting you turn round so that the twisted stirrup leather is now untwisted. Find the other stirrup with your right foot without looking down, and you are ready.

Be careful in mounting not to tickle the horse with your left toe, as this is apt to make him fidget and dance about. Some horses will never stand still to be mounted, and they generally begin their playfulness just when you have one foot in the stirrup. It may then be necessary to hop on the right foot for a moment till you get your spring.

Now for the reins. If you are using a snaffle bridle only—a wise precaution for the beginner—place the second and third fingers of the left hand between the reins, holding the palm inwards. Then take hold of the reins with the right hand and draw them in till you just feel the horse's mouth. Some prefer to put the first and second fingers between the reins, as in driving; either way is right.

If you are using a double bridle, place the third finger of the left hand between the curb reins, and the fourth, third and second between the snaffle reins, leaving the former slack, but drawing up the snaffle pair as before. These instructions may seem a little complicated, and I should recommend the novice to practise with a couple of pieces of string till he can hold the reins correctly without thinking how it is done.

DON'T TROT AT FIRST.

The beginner always wants to trot, but he should content himself for the first lesson or two with merely walking. Thus he will get into the motion of the horse at that pace, will gather confidence and learn balance.

As soon as the horse begins to move the rider wants to pitch forward, and finds his toes dipping till the top of the stirrup presses upon his instep. These matters must be put right at once. Sit erect though not stiffly; keep the soles of your feet level and the sides of them parallel with the sides of the horse.

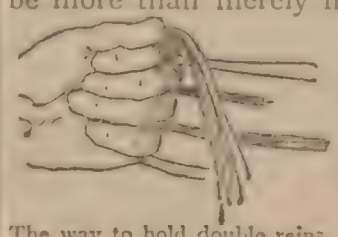
From the shoulder to the elbow the arms must lie close to the body, and the left forearm must be held horizontally so that the hand is just above the pommel.

Keep the wrists loose, so that you can give and take with every movement of the horse's head, and never, never try to keep yourself on by using the reins as a third leg. The sooner you learn that you keep your position by balance, and not by the reins or by grip, the better and the easier it will be for you; if you keep on gripping with your legs you merely tire yourself out and are unable to make a supreme effort when real necessity arises.

THE SEAT.

The legs from the knee downwards should not change their position while riding, all motion given to the rider's body coming from the thighs.

In riding even a walking horse, you should be more than merely his passenger. Keep him up to it, so that his usual pace of four miles an hour develops to five or six without his breaking into a trot, and don't let him slouch. Attending to these things, you learn the beginnings of the art of controlling a horse.



The way to hold double reins.

When your method of sitting a walking horse is indistinguishable from that of an expert, you are ready to begin trotting. In most cases there now commences a battle between the seat of the man and the back of the horse, as if the novice wanted to find out which was the tougher, a competition which generally ends in a draw.

I have often pitied the old screws of the riding school, who day after day have clumsy beginners bumping about on them, and there is no doubt that in trotting, more than in any other pace, it is possible for a rider to make things easy or uncomfortable for his mount.

POSTING.

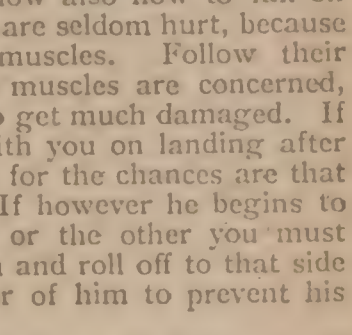
Rising to the horse's motion is after all a simple matter, if you remember these two facts: the movement must be just sufficient to ease you and the horse, no more; you must be up in your stirrups when the horse brings down his off foreleg. You can easily see when this leg is down by watching his shoulder.

A good deal of the discomfort of beginners is caused by a perverted sense of humour in those who teach them. The novice is generally provided with a quick trotting horse possessed of a very short step, and it is all but impossible for him to post quick enough for it; the ideal for the learner is a slow trotter with a long step.

When trotting has been mastered we may try the much more easy pace known as the canter. Here the horse moves with a tilting motion between the fore and hind legs something like the heaving of a rocking horse, and the rider who is pitched off at a canter must indeed be clumsy.

In galloping on the other hand the horse makes a sudden upward thrust at each stride, and if you do not keep a good grip of the saddle you are very liable to be thrown over his ears. In galloping by the way you should always let him have his head as otherwise he may stumble.

You must know the right way to change a horse's pace. To get a horse to walk you must slacken the reins a little without however losing hold of his mouth, and grip his sides slightly with your knees. To make him trot, grip him with the legs and draw in the reins as at the trot he throws back his head. To canter, turn his head slightly to the right and press him with the left leg; he will then lead off with the right foreleg. Do not press him with the left leg and pull the left rein or he may cross his legs and fall. To put him to the gallop, ride his mouth a little and get a good grip of him with your legs.



Mounting.

To dismount reverse the process of mounting. Shake your right foot free of the stirrup, take a lock of the mane along with the reins in your left hand, swing yourself round till your right foot touches the ground and then shake your left foot clear.

WITHOUT STIRRUPS.

The man who can do these things is competent to ride a quiet horse in a safe place, but if you want to be able to ride any horse you must learn a good deal more. Learn for instance to go without your stirrups. At the gallop or the canter this is easy, but at the trot it is by no means simple. The ability to do without the stirrups however is extremely useful as without it you would at once be thrown in the event of accidentally slipping your foot from the stirrup while out riding. The practice you will get in a riding school of sitting without saddle or bridle on a horse galloping at full speed round and round will at first try your nerves, but will give you a confidence which is extremely valuable. You ought to know also how to fall off a horse. Drunken men are seldom hurt, because they fall with relaxed muscles. Follow their example, so far as the muscles are concerned, and you are not likely to get much damaged. If a horse comes down with you on landing after a jump, keep your seat, for the chances are that he will right himself. If however he begins to roll either to one side or the other you must throw your leg over him and roll off to that side also, getting quite clear of him to prevent his falling on you.

Learn how to stand a horse on his legs. It makes a great difference to his appearance. When you come to a standstill, just touch his forequarters with your toe and he will spread out his forelegs.

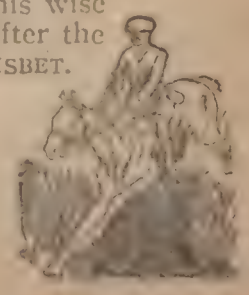
CHOOSING A HORSE.

Where you have a choice of horses, do not have one that is too big. A cob is a good deal pleasanter to ride than a charger.

Remember to examine your girths after you have been out for a quarter of an hour or so. The exercise helps the horse to digest his last meal, he decreases somewhat in size consequently and the girth is likely to work slack

I give you these hints to prevent you seeming green when you go for your first lesson, and I strongly recommend that your lessons should be taken at a riding school under a competent teacher. The walls of the school effectually prevent the horse from bolting with his helpless pilot, and this is a playful little trick that many a horse otherwise amiable develops when he finds a novice on his back. If you are getting a friend to teach you in the country, select a level field, and do not be ashamed to ask your friend to hold your horse by a lunging rein while you ride round and round him in a circle. This wise precaution need not of course be taken after the first lesson or two.

S. R. NISBET.



THE HEDGER.

A SKETCH.

"Poor old chap!" says the passer-by. "He's much too old to be working."

"Yes," says his sweetheart. "Give him something, but do it nicely, not to hurt his feelings."

But the feelings of the hedger are case-hardened to this kind of thing. His sharp little eyes have observed their approach, and have noted that they are talking about him, and he is not taken by surprise when the young man asks him a question as to the nearest road to somewhere.

He pockets the coin which rewards his information, and, touching his hat with his fore-finger, resumes his labours.

Clip-clap goes the bill against the tough bramble runners.

"That's tenpence now for the poor," he mumbles, for he has acquired a habit of speaking to himself. "It ain't everyone that can work for their living like me."

He is a philanthropist in a small way, is the hedger, and it is one of his few luxuries to assist those less able to fend for themselves. All the coppers that benevolent, but mistaken, people bestow upon him are saved in a separate pocket, and from this bank he draws for his benefactions.

Seldom does he err in the distribution of his charity. Poor himself, he knows the poor and their ways, and he can read character.

A female tramp comes along, pushing a perambulator containing her family and household goods. Her man is nowhere about, so the hedger gives her sixpence "for the kids, missis, for the kids," knowing that the money will safely be spent before her lord and master arrives to confiscate it.

With a feeling of more satisfaction than comes to the millionaire who has endowed a hospital, he takes his bill in both hands again, and the brambles fall away before his onslaught.

Clip-clap!

On he goes till darkness falls, but there is still a little to do, and he wants this job finished. The outline of the hedge is visible yet, and his eyes are undimmed; half-an-hour later the task is completed.

Taking off his strong hedging gloves, and, tying them in a bundle with his bill and shears, he sets off for the cottage of the manager of the market garden, the boundaries of which have been his care.

Now he is faced with a difficulty. His employer is at his supper, and is unwilling to inspect the hedges till next morning. But the hedger insists, for, he says, he will not be there next day.

So the manager curses him for an old fool, finishes his meal, and makes a rapid circuit of the hedges. Then the three shillings agreed upon for the day's labour is passed from hand to hand, and the hedger trudges off to the public-house for his bread and cheese.

Then comes the tramp through the moonlight and the frosty air, the old man keeping a watchful eye on the hedges as he goes along. After covering half-a-dozen miles, he reaches a village where there are several houses fenced off from the road, with hedges of privet which have straggled through the iron railings.

They are the type of houses that delight his eye, for their tenants are too well-off to waste time doing the hedges themselves, and not quite wealthy enough to keep gardeners. He is sure of getting at least six of them to do, and at sixpence each he will earn the three shillings at which he values his day's work.

Having made his calculations, he trudges on through the village till he comes to a field with an inviting hayrick. By the side of this he stretches himself, wrapping his thick overcoat about him, waiting till sunrise awakes him, when he will return to the houses he has marked down, sleeping meantime in pure content.

FREDERICK AULD.

MY NOTEBOOK.

PRAY EXCUSE ME THIS ONCE. When I formed my plans in connection with this paper I made a firm resolve that nothing would induce me to put into My Notebook anything about the paper itself.

An editor is naturally enthusiastic about his journal and the progress it is making, and he wants to tell his readers all about it. So far he is perhaps justified, but the interesting paragraph is apt in time to degenerate into a bit of mere self-praise; consequently the editorial chat becomes over-loaded with puffs advertising the paper, and the reader, once bitten this way, skips the page in future.

I have made the rule that any news concerning the fortunes of THE MODERN MAN shall appear in the centre column of the front page, but I am breaking the rule just this once, because I have something to say that must appear in my own special two columns; to relegate it to any other position would be ungrateful.

MANY, MANY THANKS! I take this opportunity—the earliest, for we go to press a considerable time in advance—of thanking most heartily those readers from all parts of the country who have been kind enough to send me letters of congratulation on the first number. The production of THE MODERN MAN has meant months of anxious work for myself and my staff—often I have been hard at it into the early hours of the morning, sometimes all night long.

It is such welcome messages of encouragement and approval that nerve a man's arm for the fight, and show him that his efforts have not been wasted.

I wish I could shake each reader by the hand; it is so difficult to say in mere type what I feel.

Gentlemen all! I raise my glass to you, I wish you health, and I thank you from the bottom of my heart.

TARGET SHOOTING. Once more has the agitation for target shooting been thrust before us. We are urged to give up all our games and sports and to devote our leisure to potting at motionless targets with service or miniature rifles. The agitation is valueless, for we will never do it.

Most Colonials are good shots because they are lucky enough to live in a country where game is plentiful and unpreserved. They take out their guns and have a few hours' sport, just as we would do if we were circumstanced like them. But shooting at a target is another matter altogether.

In shooting game you pit your skill against the instincts of wild animals, you trudge over many miles of country and so get exercise, you never know your luck and so have excitement. In target shooting you have just about as much exercise and excitement as if you practised knocking a match off the edge of a table, using one finger and having one eye shut. Both pastimes train the eye, and that only. They don't make muscle. They don't clean the blood.

GOOD EYES: POOR LEGS. I should like to put a new aspect of the case before the disciples of target shooting, an aspect that I do not think has so far been presented. The object in view is, of course, that we should be prepared for war, but the enemy would not be likely to station themselves at the ranges which are so convenient for train and tram; the marksman would have to tramp ten or twenty miles to find them. Is it likely that a man who spends all his leisure time in firing at targets would be fit for this journey? I opine not.

We shall be better able to face our dangers by strengthening our bodies, as we now do, with indulgence in sports that are entertaining and fatiguing. Let us practise target shooting just as long as it amuses us. To devote our whole leisure to that one pursuit would be to impose upon ourselves a vow which the very dullness of the thing would make us break.

LATIN NAMES. I spent last week-end at a little village on the south coast. Its name I will not divulge for I have no desire to increase its popularity, its seclusion being its chief charm.

The museum is a house gifted to the village by a gentleman long since deceased. It is very like the usual type of country museum—big, badly lit rooms, so silent that when you walk through them your footsteps echo from every corner of the building. But the bad light and the pronounced echo are not the chief faults. For the delectation of the presumably learned fisher folks the names of the exhibits have been inscribed on cards in Latin.

It is years since I have read a hundred words of a Latin author, and I will admit frankly that the names of these exhibits floored me completely; I should much have liked to hear what the fisher folks made of them. I can imagine that their translations had been rather loose, like that of the old lady who, on seeing a board marked L.M. at the boundary of two parishes, said to a friend: "Ah, yes. L for Tom and M for Green. That's where poor old Tom Green was killed."

Seriously though, why do those in control of our museums and public parks placard everything placardable with Latin names? The majority of us never knew Latin, and those of us who have learned it have, unless we are teachers, dismissed it from our minds. The purpose of the Latin inscription appears to be the skilful concealment of information.

THE CYCLIST'S TERROR. For a long time I have had trouble with one of my dogs. He is as affectionate and intelligent as could be wished for, but he will run after motor-bicycles. Not that it matters very much, because naturally he never succeeds in catching one, but I dislike the annoyance he gives to the motorist.

This dog will let me shout myself hoarse on such occasions without giving the slightest sign that he hears me. When the motorist is some miles away and the dog finally comes panting back I cannot find it in my heart to remonstrate with him more than by mere words. The educative element in punishment is that the animal should understand exactly what the chastisement is being administered for, and I am pretty certain that it would be mere cruelty to thrash the dog five or ten minutes after the commission of the crime. I have never been able to catch him sooner than that.

A CURE AT LAST. I was just beginning to think that I must confine my walks to those roads where motor-bicycles are unknown, when I discovered a wonderful cure for my dog's particular vice.

I was sitting on a stile one day resting when there passed me a carter who dismounted and walked beside his horse up the hill. A little dog which he had with him jumped off the cart too, and presently a motor-car came past and the dog went yapping after it. The carter picked up a stone and threw it with such admirable aim that the bark of challenge changed to one of surprise mingled with indignation and a little pain, and the dog came to his master's side with his tail between his legs. It was punishment administered as it ought to be—at the very moment while the dog was committing the fault.

Now when I go with my dogs along a main road, and hear a motor-cycle in the distance, I arm myself with a handful of gravel, and as soon as the particular sinner bolts after the cycle I let him have the gravel with some force. So effective have I found the cure that the dog is now coming back to heel when called on, no matter how tempting the calves of the passing cyclist may be.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

LORD CHILWORTH: CRIMINAL.

REMARKABLE SERIES OF COMPLETE STORIES.

By J. PRESTWICK SHEED.

IV. THE EPISODE OF THE COLONEL.

"Give a man a little power, and it is astonishing what a tyrant he can become. Read this."

Chilworth passed over to me one of the letters which had arrived that morning from a newspaper office. It was of such a nature that the editor dared not print it, and so, in accordance with the arrangement which Chilworth had entered into with several proprietors of journals, it had been forwarded to him.

The communication was written by a man named Edwards, and, if his story were true, he had been the victim of gross injustice. He admitted that during his service in a regiment which I shall call the Grey Hussars he had been the Army equivalent to a sea-lawyer; meaning that he had rather too much education for his job, and, being acquainted with his legal rights, had foolishly stuck up for them. The colonel resented such behaviour, and made things hot for Edwards, but the latter had an awkward way of coming off top dog.

At last Colonel Handley determined to bring matters to a crisis. He ordered Edwards to go into town and book some theatre seats. The trooper pointed out that this was not a military duty, and refused.

The man was legally justified, but the officer argued that a soldier who thought he had any rights must be mad, and he had him discharged as insane and sent to an asylum. Here the doctors saw at once that Edwards was as clear-headed as themselves, and they set him free.

The grievance was that Edwards now found it impossible to get work, having the stigma of insanity on his parchment.

"Find out if the story is true," said Chilworth, "and get some other particulars about Colonel Handley. We may have to deal with him. I'm going down to Stepney to open our new soup kitchen, and I'll be back for lunch."

It is unnecessary to explain exactly how I collected the information; in such cases we paid a stiff fee to a newspaper to let us have a look at their filed cuttings dealing with the person concerned, and we used the telegraph and telephone freely.

It is enough for me to state that when Chilworth came back I proved to him that Edwards's story was correct, and moreover that Colonel Handley had figured rather badly in an inquiry into the misappropriation of certain military stores; he had not been indicted, or even severely examined, for his family was influential, but there was no doubt that he was as guilty as the unhappy non-coms. who were convicted as scapegoats.

Chilworth thereupon decided that Colonel Handley was a disgrace to the British Army, and that he must be taught a severe lesson.

"You say his regiment forms part of the White Army which is advancing on London in connection with the usual foolish manœuvres, and that he is expected to arrive at Ripley to-night," he said. "Then we'll deal with him there. No time like the present, you know!"

We looked out suits such as the foreigner is wont to favour when he commissions an English tailor, and paid a visit to a cheap stationer's, where they print visiting cards while you wait; when we left we had neat little bits of pasteboard bearing the inscriptions "Herr Friedrich Bruner" and "Herr Wilhelm Glutzen" respectively.

At six we left in the motor for Cobham, where we dined, and then we went leisurely westward. A short way on the London side of Ripley we turned sharply down a road that runs to the left across a common, and in a bay which had been built for the storage of road-metal we left the car, locking the wheels securely.

The sun had set, but it was not quite dark when we walked into Ripley. The village was in a state of excitement, for the Grey Hussars had arrived. They were in service uniform, but we knew them by their badges.

As we crossed the bridge at the east side of the village, a sentry stepped forward, but, before he could challenge us, we raised our hats to him—with a view to securing practice in exaggerated foreign politeness—and, handing him our cards, requested to be shown into the presence of our good friend Colonel Handley.

It is wonderful how a little action like that takes the wind out of the sails of a man who has lost his initiative by constant and automatic drilling. The sentry did not know what to do, being afraid to let us pass, and equally afraid of offending friends of his commanding officer. After thinking a bit, he handed our cards to a sergeant, who informed us without hesitation that Colonel Handley was stopping for the night at the Talbot, and requested us to accompany him while he had our cards presented.

On either side of the wide street the horses of the regiment had been drawn up for their evening meal. Here a field telegraph was clicking, and there a military shoeing smith was at work. Past us clattered mounted orderlies, while from the Guildford direction the supply waggons were rumbling up. The place was alive with soldiers, and we were about to inflict punishment upon the man who was in command of them all!

We had not waited long when an orderly came with the news that his colonel would see us. Chilworth slipped on a pair of black-rimmed pince-nez, and we were conducted to the great man's room.

"It is unnecessary for us to beat about the bush," said Chilworth, imitating the German accent in a manner I need not reproduce here. "We are German spies."

Colonel Handley stretched out his hand towards the bell.

"Don't," urged Chilworth. "You'd only lose something worth knowing if you had us put under arrest. We differ from most spies in that we are more than commonly anxious to further our own interests. We are paid by our government to watch these manœuvres, but they don't give us enough. We want to make a little more by selling you certain facts which you could retail at a profit to your people."

"Proceed," ordered the colonel.

"Underneath a certain barracks," Chilworth continued, "a mine has been laid, which will blow the place to dust when we want it to. Our price for the name of that barracks is £300."

"If what you say is correct," replied Handley, "the mine must have been put there with the knowledge of the officer in command."

"Precisely. He is a man who attended Eton about the same time as yourself. Possibly you know him."

Handley became intensely interested.

"Here is a cheque for the amount," he said.

Then Chilworth produced a map with quaint markings, and it appeared that we had selected Denchester barracks with some judgment, for its commander was a personal enemy of our present victim.

"Now," said my companion, "we have in this matter been acting for ourselves; we are also ready to act for our government. There are certain things about these manœuvres which we are empowered to pay any reasonable sum to discover. Will you sell?"

"Hush!" said Colonel Handley, glancing nervously at the door. "I might deal, but we cannot discuss such things here. Let us take the air together."

And so we led him, as if by purest chance, in the direction of the lane where the motor was hidden. As we crossed the bridge Colonel Handley began bargaining as to the terms on which he would sell his country.

We kept him unsuspicious until we had turned down the lane; then, having assured ourselves that no one was in sight, we flung ourselves upon him and bore him into the wood. He struggled, but I crushed his arms against him as if he were a child, while Chilworth forced a handkerchief in his mouth and bound him hand and foot.

Laying an electric torch against a stone so that it shone on his face, Chilworth produced a razor and shaved off his moustache, while I kept him quiet, for we did not want to cut him. When it was over we stripped him of his uniform and dressed him in a very shabby lounge suit which we had brought for the purpose.

Then we unbound him, took the handkerchief from his mouth and led him to the motor, which in another moment was bearing us back towards Ripley.

It would have served our purpose just as well to have taken the opposite direction, and such a course would have been infinitely safer, but I think Chilworth liked to court unnecessary difficulties for the sheer love of overcoming them.

Colonel Handley sat speechless with indignation and fear till we reached the bridge again and were challenged by the sentries.

"Men," he cried, "arrest these scoundrels! I am your commanding officer, and they are trying to kidnap me!"

The guard turned out, and the sergeant flashed a lamp upon the speaker, for it was now dark. He naturally failed to recognise his colonel in the dishevelled, untidy and shaven person who addressed him, and so the sergeant smiled doubtfully and looked at us. Chilworth shook his head sadly and placed his forefinger on his brow.

"Oh, he's luney, is he?" asked the soldier. "Pass on, sir."

We set him down just outside Winchester nearly two hours later. Several times he tried to bolt from the car, but I kept a firm grip of his wrist, and I am afraid he hurt his arm rather badly in his attempts to get away. When we finally deposited him in the roadway he was too surprised to swear much, for he could not understand why we were voluntarily letting him go after putting ourselves to so much trouble to catch him. To me also the matter was a puzzle, and so as we turned the car and set off for London, I asked Chilworth to explain.

"Things will work out exactly as we want them," he replied. "We took every penny he had when we removed his uniform, and there will be nothing for him but walking back over the thirty odd miles.

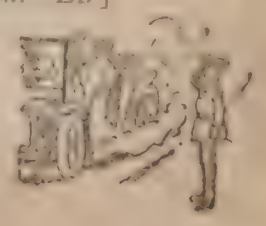
"His weary tramp will be a little physical punishment, and more will follow. The general commanding the brigade will want to know why he absented himself at such a moment, and he cannot explain matters without disclosing why he left the hotel with us, and that he dare not do."

On the following morning we cashed the colonel's cheque and sent the proceeds anonymously to the unfortunate trooper, Edwards, with the suggestion that he should use the sum to establish a business. The papers were full of the astounding disappearance of a British officer, but the sensation died early, for the evening journals announced that he had returned to his regiment, under what circumstances the authorities refused to disclose.

It was about a week later that we read that Colonel Handley of the Grey Hussars had been placed on retired pay. Apparently his interview with the general, or his replies and explanations, had been unsatisfactory.

"Next case!" said Chilworth.

[*Another story of this series will appear next week.*—ED]



Business is Business

A WEEKLY FEATURE.
Conducted by
R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

5 DAYS: 5 HOURS.

A suggestion has been made that we should reduce the number of our working days per week from five and a-half to five, allowing everybody to have a holiday on Saturday forenoon as well as in the afternoon.

It has further been proposed that the hours of labour should be reduced to five each day.

Let us deal with the Saturday-off problem first.

As things are, many business men absent themselves from their offices on Saturdays, leaving affairs in charge of a manager or head clerk. The inevitable result is, of course, that the work for that half day is so badly done that it might as well not have been done at all.

Business is lost, for a possible customer or client recollects the habits of the head of the firm, and says to himself: "There is no chance of getting Smith at his office on a Saturday morning. I'll go and see Brown."

When I was younger I was employed in an office where I had an opportunity of observing the origin and growth of this system. The chief was a very big man, holding a knighthood and being able to write M.P. after his name. When I began he was in the habit of attending regularly from nine to one on Saturdays, but presently he began to take that day off occasionally. Then his absence became regular, and you could count upon not seeing him at the office on Saturdays.

Knowing that he was away, the manager then took the half day off also. Heads of departments next did the same thing, till gradually the only ones who put in an appearance on Saturday were the clerical staff.

Naturally I followed the fortunes of this firm with interest, and I observe in the latest reports that they are not paying a dividend.

I do not say that this is in consequence of the Saturday off, but I do argue that the lack of profit is due to the spirit of slackness which permitted the chiefs to add these extra hours to their week-end holiday.

It is a pretty fiction for a busy man to say that his work is so strenuous during the week that he absolutely requires two whole days of rest at the end of it.

Really strenuous work is almost unknown. The best of it is where you feel done at the end of the day—a sensation not experienced by more than one man in fifty.

I maintain, therefore, that the five day system is merely an encouragement of laziness, and that the excuses made for its adoption are of the most trivial kind.

The supporters of the five hour scheme maintain that, if it were adopted, better work would be done, as the employees would be fresh all the time. It is suggested that in factories two shifts of men should be engaged so that the work might be continued for ten hours as at present.

The wages bill would thus be doubled, for we must presume that the workers are to get the same reward for their labours as at present.

The absurdity of the scheme may best be understood by citing the case of a large factory where hundreds of hands are employed. The doubling of the wages bill would in such a case absorb all the profits, the concern would be bankrupt and the five hour worker would find himself in the position of having no work and no wages at all.

We may, therefore, banish the five hour scheme as impracticable, but it is worth while considering whether it would be advisable to reduce the number of working hours from ten to eight in the case of factories, and from eight to seven in the case of offices.

Such a reduction would not show any improvement in the work done, the only result would be that the workers would have more leisure time.

Whether this would be good or not, I do not pretend to know; but, from a consideration of the way in which the working classes spend what leisure they now have, I am inclined to doubt it.

EXPENSES ARE NOT WAGES.

In estimating the value of any position you may hold, you must not confuse your gross with your net income.

If you are paid £5 a week, but have to spend £3 in keeping your job, you are no better off than the man who earns only £2 but who has no such expenses. A clerk in London is paid more than a clerk in the provinces, and clerks in the country consequently rush to the metropolis. There they discover to their sorrow that the cost of living is greater, that they have to spend more in getting to their work, and more on their clothes, leaving them not a whit better off.

If a young man can live at home and take all his meals there, he is relieved of a heavy expense, and it is a thing which he should consider before trying for a new appointment.

BREAKING MEN IN.

In many offices it is the custom to allow a newcomer to learn his way about as best he may, the axiom at such places being that a new man is not worth his salt for the first few weeks whatever you may do with him.

I have found that this is by no means true. The enthusiasm which a new man brings to his work should be turned to account by his employer, and the best way of doing it is for the employer or his manager to spend a solid hour in giving the new man exact instructions as to what he is to do.

He will be told the names of the various officials and their duties, so that he will know to whom to apply when circumstances arise. It is also well to give him some idea as to his prospects, so that he may work the better for having a definite goal.

If no such instruction is given, I should advise the novice to jot down in a notebook the name of every person in the office as he learns it, for it is difficult to remember names when you meet so many strangers. By noting them down you become acquainted with the personnel of the staff in half the time you would otherwise need.

Also it will pay you to treat to lunch some older hand, and pump him all you can.

CLOSED LIPS.

Silence is, I take it, the result of one of two things: an absence of energy, or the exertion of an iron resolution.

If a man is healthy he has a good deal of superfluous vitality, and it expends itself in conversation. If he resists the inclination to talk, he is forming a reserve of energy, which will be useful to him in the day's work. The man who is silent because he lacks superfluous energy is out of the running.

The habit of silence is much appreciated by employers. A talkative man in an office is seldom a good worker, and usually interferes with the work of others.

There is a still more important consideration: An employer feels that his affairs are less likely to be discussed by the man who talks little than by the chatterer.

FAILURE OF THE PRIG.

AND NO ONE IS SORRY.

It is notorious how the clever schoolboy fails in after life. It is also a fact that the man who succeeds is not he who carefully follows the precepts of the old fashioned success-mongers.

A year or two ago almost every paper printed articles on the subject of success. A little examination showed that the source of most of them was American, and they had all the usual American faults. They gave you no actual assistance, but shouted in your ears many fusty platitudes, as if the writer had freshly discovered them and was dying to tell the world his secret.

This movement was but the outcome of a wider one—the agitation which has existed ever since Smiles wrote his "Self-Help." That was the weak book of a great man, but it was taken by most of the readers as a sermon which should be followed out to the letter.

That book and others which have been founded upon it have given us a race of prigs.

You find them in every business house, but they invariably occupy the lowest rungs of the ladder. They are of the old-fashioned, diligent clerk type. They are absolutely reliable and honest, but they have no initiative.

It would be very wrong, they believe, to spend their spare time in anything but study. They accumulate a vast amount of useless information. They are masters of foreign languages, but they have no knowledge of life as it is, or of human nature.

It is the man who reads human nature as an open book who succeeds in business.

Let us look at the bare facts—shocking they may be in their nudity. A man who sets out to win fortune has before him the task of getting money out of other people's pockets into his own, and he intends to do it honestly. In that lies the difference between the business man and the criminal. To accomplish his object he must have a thorough knowledge of the people whose money he hopes to make his own.

This is putting things bluntly but truthfully.

The requisite knowledge is not to be found in books. You will not find it by studying platitudes. You will get it by studying your fellow men, and by that means alone.

I advocate study, but let the study be undertaken with a definite object in view. Unless your acquirement is to be of direct assistance to you in your own particular trade or profession it is occupying your mind to the exclusion of more useful material.

If you are a plumber, why should you study German? If you are a grocer, why should you know shorthand?

Infinitely better would it be that you should concentrate your mind on your own trade, and spend your leisure either in building up your health in preparation for the next day's work or in studying your customers.

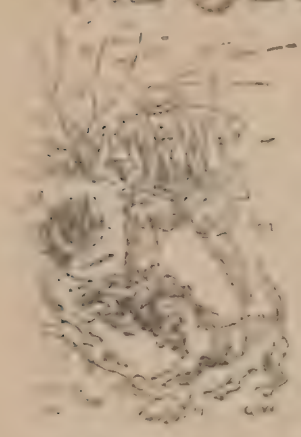
Possibly this outlook is a narrow one—I would rather have it called highly focussed. Concentration in business is everything; you can't make money and do other things at the same time.

This article will I know bring a hornet's nest about my ears. I shall be accused of preaching the most brutal form of self-seeking. I shall be blamed for advocating a restriction of outlook. I definitely assert that the business man need not study philosophy, and by many I shall be blamed for this; but the man who devotes his energies exclusively to his trade, and to the study of the life he sees about him, will know more of real philosophy than he will find in any book.

The man who wants to make a lot of money quickly, leaves book-learning to teachers and others who make no use of it except passing it on. He spends his leisure in honest fun. Out he goes for a run with the harriers, a walk with a friend or—best of all—a stroll with his sweetheart. He culls the joys of life while they may be gathered, and all the time he is learning real facts—facts you can't express in print, facts you don't get in books—knowledge of men and women; and it is that which will fill your pocket.

C. Attree.

ARE BLOOD SPORTS CRUEL?



Cruel, not unnatural.
—HAMLET.

The problem is one in which it is scarcely possible to secure calm and unbiassed views. The black-gloved humanitarian inveighs against every form of hunting and makes the wildest assertions concerning its barbarity, while the hunter himself utters the most foolish arguments in defence of his pastime.

The Hon. Stephen Coleridge once assured the world that the long spiked poles which otter hunters carry with them were intended for doing the unhappy otter to death. This can be taken as a fair sample of the accuracy of the statements made by these violent partisans of the hunted animal.

No otter hunter would dream of using the pole for such a purpose. It is designed and employed only for assisting him to keep his balance as he wades across a river, and for helping him when he jumps ditches and hedges.

THE SPORTSMAN'S ILLOGICAL DEFENCE.

Now, on the other hand, we may take an equally laughable counterblow from Mr. Courtenay Tracy, Master of the Bishop's Waltham otter hounds. Mr. Coleridge made at the same time the statement that the hunters jumped on the bank when the otter had gone to earth, in order to make the bank collapse and so expose him to view (the plump which they would get in the river would we imagine prevent the boldest from doing anything so foolish but that is by the way).

To this statement Mr. Tracy replied: "Jumping on the bank is not to force the earth from the otter, but by the vibration to get him to quit his stronghold *of his own will*."

This, I imagine, is something like kicking a man from the top of a long flight of stairs in order to get him to descend of his own will.

I do not wish to confuse my readers with the various arguments of these belligerents. I cite these merely to illustrate the absurdity into which both sides plunge.

Looking at the matter impartially, it is impossible to deny that blood sports are cruel. To see a fox torn limb from limb by a pack of hounds, to find a pheasant with a mangled wing two days after shooting has ceased in that covert, to hear the squeal of a hare and to see its look of abject terror as the harriers begin to overtake it—these things are enough to melt the hardest heart in cold blood; but we must remember that the hunter is not looking at things in cold blood at the moment of the creature's agony.

HOW THE KILL AFFECTS THE HUNTER.

He has all the enthusiasm and heat of the chase upon him, and the death struggles of the quarry are to him merely things unpleasant, if he pauses to consider them at all.

The hunter is not possessed of that faculty for self-analysis and introspection which have built up fortunes for so many lady novelists; he does not look at these matters in a speculative way, and so he is not necessarily brutalised by having them happen before his eyes.

What is the difference between hunting foxes and taking out a dog to kill cats?

In the first case the hunter has tradition to back him up. He does not feel that he is doing anything cruel, and so he is not debased by his sport; in the case of the cat-killer, however, the thought can seldom be far distant that the little furry kitten which hangs mangled from his dog's mouth may be the only pet of some poor and possibly ailing child, and in fighting down this restraining thought he becomes brutal.

Amongst the ridiculous arguments put forward in support of fox-hunting is the assertion that if foxes were not kept down the hen roosts would soon be depleted. This is obviously absurd.

If the only object of hunting were to kill the foxes, a few shillingsworth of poison, or a handful of cartridges, would do the business much more cheaply and with less pain to the fox.

Equally far-fetched is the argument in support of game shooting that the poulterers' shops must be supplied. Game is now bred at a cost of nearly a guinea a head, and is sold for about an eighth of that amount, which shows sufficiently that breeders are not considering the question of producing game for food; the state of matters is summed up in the old saying: "Up goes a guinea, bang goes sixpence, and down comes half-a-crown."

NOT TO BE CONDEMNED.

These, and all other arguments brought forward as excuses for the hunter, collapse when submitted to the searching test of logic, and we are driven back upon the admission that all sports which deprive any creature of life are cruel in some degree.

Yet our blood sports are not to be condemned.

Man is born a hunting animal. It is as natural to him to pursue certain other animals as it is for a dog to chase a rabbit or for a cat to play with a mouse. We do not say that either the dog or the cat is cruel. Why blame the man?

These field sports supply us with exercise, provide us with interest and excitement, and thus help us to physical fitness and to a bright and generous view of life. The hunting man is more open-handed, more ready to sacrifice his interests to those of a friend than is the introspective, down-with-sports agitator.

The humanitarian plays on fine sentiments which do us credit. If we were the brutes he represents us to be we should not listen to him at all. He poses as a person of great benevolence; as a matter of fact, he is in most cases merely a crank who delights in taking a different view from the majority of people.

Get to know one or two humanitarians and one or two hunters; you will find that the hunters are the better men.

SPURIOUS SPORTS.

Blood sports are cruel, but, so long as they continue to do for us what they have already done, I should be sorry to see them abolished.

It will be readily understood that in this article I have had in my mind only those sports which are recognised as legitimate. Rabbit-coursing, shooting pigeons from traps, and chasing carted deer are abominations which do not appeal to anyone worthy of the name of sportsman. These and other spurious sports are gradually perishing under the weight of public opinion.

There is still room for improvement even amongst legitimate sports. The beater who does not kill the rabbit before cutting the tendon of its hind leg in order to thrust the other foot through and so place it on his carrying stick, is more thoughtless than intentionally cruel; but, for the sake of sport as a whole, it would be well that employers should keep a careful eye on the men they pay to assist them.

NORMAN CHEYNE.

THOUGHT EXPANDERS.

By way of a mental exercise try to conceive the idea of space. The dictionary defines it as "room or extension," but that does not help us much. The fact is that space is one of those ideas you can't conceive.

It is the same with time. If you try to think of time you find your mind turning to events, which are not the same thing.

Another nice little exercise is to imagine the smallest thing possible. A pin-head, you say. No. The point is smaller than that, and you can find a speck of dust smaller still.

To go to the other extreme. A nonillion is a million multiplied by itself nine times—in other words, a million with fifty ciphers at its tail. But you can't conceive it. If Mr. Carnegie's fortune was changed into copper and each coin powdered to dust, there would not be a nonillion particles of such dust.

THE TEAM IN THE TRAIN.

THEY HAVE A JOLLY GOOD TIME.

Until lately the comfort of a football team travelling to meet another was lamentably neglected. As recently as 1905 the English team that had been selected to meet the Irish in an International match at Cork, were packed off from London on a Thursday night. They travelled overnight most uncomfortably, and reached Cork about mid-day on the Friday.

The Rugby Union had further arranged that the northern contingent, Simpson, Hulme and the rest, should join the others in the small hours, so that they also should travel as uncomfortably as might be. It can scarcely be wondered at that that team was unlucky.

Now, however, things are changed, and an International team would be despatched from Euston on the Wednesday, housed at a delightful health resort in Ireland from Thursday till Saturday morning, and would be in perfect condition for the match.

Even when a team has to travel a short distance great precautions are taken to ensure the comfort of the players, and if the journey is considerable it is usual to engage a saloon carriage.

Nothing pleases the players better than when they have such a sumptuous compartment to themselves, for a saloon is sufficiently spacious to permit of many more or less athletic games.

Jumping over chairs, and running races round a circle, so small that the runners quickly become light-headed, are favourite pastimes; so also is cock-fighting, each of the combatants being trussed up with a walking stick schoolboy fashion.

When, however, the team is obliged to restrict itself to the narrow limits of an ordinary carriage, they have to seek other forms of amusement. Card playing is the favoured one, and almost every professional footballer is an expert at this.

Some directors consider that the men unfit themselves for good play if they sustain the disappointment that is apt to follow losing at cards, and a good story is told of one manager who held this view.

He had often cautioned his men against the iniquities of gambling before a match, but they paid no heed to him. He was himself an expert player, however, and he thought it would give them a useful lesson if he joined them and cleaned them out of their small change; so on one particular journey, instead of upbraiding them as usual, he took a hand with them.

His scheme was subtle but it missed fire, for within half-an-hour he himself had lost all his change. Nevertheless he was determined to stop the game, so, instead of dealing out the cards when it came to his turn, he lowered the window and pitched the pack on to the line.

Some players absolutely refuse to take part in cards, and pass the time in reading. I know one prominent player who studies works on geology while travelling to matches, but he is an exception to most rules.

Many players contribute football articles to popular papers, and a few of them find in the train a convenient opportunity for getting through their literary work, but these, like those who read, are regarded by the rest of the team as unsociables.

When travelling to a match the men are always more or less anxious, and it is not till they are on the return journey that one really finds that buoyancy of spirits that you would naturally expect to result from perfect health. Whether the match has been successful or not the footballer is free from care on his way home.

If, however, his side has won the victory, the time is passed in singing and the telling of tales. The favourite ditty of the day is skilfully parodied to hit off the supposed weak points of the referee or of their late opponents. There is always one genius in the team who is capable of this elementary form of poetic composition. The others listen to him while he sings the verses, and they make the carriage ring again when it comes to the chorus. A. G. HOWITT.

His Discharge

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By Gavin Wallace.

The inn was unpromising, but the cyclist would have been content with the veriest hovel on that particular night.

Five miles away the engine of his machine had broken down and he had had to fight against the wind and the rain over the rough moorland road, for he had come upon not one single house. From afar off he had seen the faint glimmer of light that came from the tavern, and the hope it inspired had aroused fresh vigour within him.

As he pushed open the door he observed the name Will Whitburn painted upon it, and as he made his way into the bar-parlour a venerable figure rose from beside the fireplace to receive him.

Old Whitburn was none too well pleased to learn that the motor cyclist required lodgings for the night. He disliked bicycles and he hated motors, for the old man lived in the days that were past; every change that had taken place since his middle age was distasteful to him. The cyclist would require attention, a bed would have to be prepared for him and supper got ready, and old Whitburn had no energy to spare.

The newcomer introduced himself as George Laking, informed the landlord that he was cycling from Bradford to Glasgow, and assured him that he would be grateful for any accommodation which was available.

"I don't suppose you're troubled with many guests in an out-of-the-way place like this," said Laking, "and I'm afraid it may put you to some inconvenience to prepare a room for me, but you see how I am circumstanced. According to my map it is five miles more to the nearest village, and on a night like this, with my motor broken down, I am afraid I haven't the pluck to face it."

Without remark Will Whitburn lighted a lantern and conducted his guest to a disused stable where he might leave his cycle for the night.

Laking was too weary to attempt the necessary repairs that evening, and moreover he assured himself that they would be much easier by daylight. Following his host he returned to the inn where in the bar-parlour old Meg, the only paid servant which the inn possessed, had already spread a cloth and was now placing on the table what refreshment the house could produce.

Ten minutes afterwards Laking was satisfying the demands of his inner man and was endeavouring meanwhile to draw his landlord into conversation, but the old man answered him in monosyllables, and Laking finished the meal in silence. Just as he was turning his chair round to the fire old Meg came into the room and intimated that his bedroom was ready.

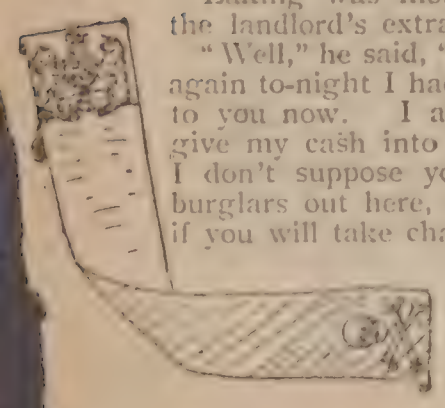
"I'll show you the way to it now," said Whitburn.

"But I don't want to turn in for a good while yet," replied his guest. "I want to smoke for a bit and to study my road map."

"I daresay you do," replied Whitburn, "but I'm going off to bed myself, and unless I show you the room now you are never likely to find it."

Laking was more amused than annoyed at the landlord's extraordinary manner.

"Well," he said, "if I am not going to see you again to-night I had better hand over my money to you now. I always make it a practice to give my cash into the charge of the landlord. I don't suppose you are troubled much with burglars out here, but still I shall feel obliged if you will take charge of this purse for me till the morning."



With that he followed him upstairs and, having seen that everything was right in his room, he returned alone to the bar-parlour. He had scarcely seated himself when the door opened and a young cavalryman entered.

"Good evening, sir," he said. "Is my grandfather anywhere about?"

"If you mean the landlord," said Laking, "he has gone to bed."

"Oh, that's all right," replied the soldier. "I am not disappointed. He's a nice old chap, but he's worse than a mother-in-law for making a fellow report himself whenever he comes in or goes out. I've spent the best part of my furlough here, and he has kept me tied to his apron strings the whole time."

The taciturnity of the landlord had not been inherited by his grandson, for the young soldier appeared as anxious to chat as the other had been for silence; and so in a short time the two young men were deep in a conversation of mutual interest, the one recounting the benefits and drawbacks of life in the Army, and the other the difficulties and pleasures of motor-cycling off the beaten track.

Young Whitburn, for he bore his grandfather's name, was more than pleased to find someone to talk to. The trade of the inn, owing largely to the landlord's boorish manner and to the fact that the road on which the house stood was now used only by an occasional market cart, had declined to vanishing point, and the customers were few and far between. Welcome as his furlough had been, he was not sorry that it was rapidly drawing to a close, for he had spent, he honestly believed, the dullest ten days in his whole existence.

Had it been left to his own choice he would gladly have had his holiday elsewhere, but he was a kind-hearted young man and had come to this Yorkshire inn because of his grandfather's many requests.

The old man had lost his wife, his only son, and every other relative except this grandson, and the milk of human kindness, which he economised so carefully as far as the rest of the world was concerned, he lavished bountifully upon the young soldier.

On the death of his parents the young man had joined the Army and thus inflicted a severe blow on old Whitburn, for he hoped that his grandson might come to live with him and might finally succeed him in the business, although that had now become so scanty as to be scarcely able to support the landlord himself.

While the two young men were chatting, the old servant entered the room and beckoned to young Whitburn to follow her.

"Your grandfather's in the kitchen," she said, when he had accompanied her into the passage. "He went up to bed, but he has come down again and he wants to see you."

Old Whitburn looked up from the dying embers of the kitchen fire as he heard his grandson approach.

"Look here!" he said. "Once and for all, I wish you'd leave the Army and stop here for good. The business is not what it might be, but you could work it up. Perhaps you're thinking, though, that I'd be very dull company."

The soldier had not the remotest intention of leaving the Army, for he liked the life, and he dreaded above all things the unspeakable dulness of this deserted hostelry, but that was a reason he could scarcely give without offending his grandfather.

"No, no," he urged, "don't think I find your company dull, or that I would not meet your wishes if I could. But you know, as well as I do, that the £18 I'd have to pay for a discharge could not be raised though we both tried our hardest; so, as my return to civil life is out of the question for some years to come, don't let us discuss it further."

Old Whitburn was always careful not to give offence to his grandson, so he said no more about the matter, but invited him to fill a jug at the cask which stood in one corner of the room, and, while consuming this refreshment, to repeat to him the stories of Army life that he had heard so often.

It was not that Whitburn liked hearing about the Army; he hated it and everything connected with it, for had it not taken his only grandson from him? But he liked to watch the young man's face lighting up as he talked of the life he loved, and so Whitburn sat watching his grandson but closing his ears to the tales he had invited him to recount.

It was about an hour later when the young man bade his grandfather good-night and went off to his room.

As soon as he had gone the old man stretched his apron tightly across his knees and turned out into the lap so formed the contents of the purse which his visitor had entrusted to him. There was some silver, but gold pieces predominated, and as the old innkeeper ranged them before him he found that they totalled something over £20.

"Enough to buy young Will's discharge," he muttered, "and he said to-night that we could not raise the money. Neither I could, so far as he knew, but Providence has sent this into my hands. I should be a fool to let the chance pass by, and I am not a fool."

He stared into the fire for some minutes; then he lay back in his chair and closed his eyes, his brows puckered in thought. Presently he jumped to his feet, nerved with a firm resolve.

Selecting a knife from the dresser, he blew out the candle and went silently along the passage. His foot was on the bottom step of the stairs when he muttered: "Perhaps he has not gone to bed yet," and turned towards the door of the bar-parlour.

Beneath the door appeared only the faint glimmer of firelight, and the innkeeper knew that the candle was out. Silently lifting the latch he pushed the door open and entered.

Seated at the table was the figure of a young man. A road map was unfolded before him, and he seemed to have been overcome with sleep while studying it, for his head was resting on his folded arms above the map.

"And that," said old Whitburn to himself, "is all that stands between me and the money that will buy Will's discharge."

For a moment his face was contorted with anger; the next his hand flashed in the air, a knife blade gleamed in the light of the dying fire, and then the steel was sheathed in the back of the figure before him.

The knife did its work quickly, for there came not even a groan from his victim. The man fell over sideways upon the floor and the chair itself crashed against the table.

"I hope I haven't wakened the house," muttered old Whitburn. "I must get this body out and bury it at once."

As he stooped down to seize his victim's shoulders, the door opened. Someone struck a match and advanced into the room.

"I think I left my map down here. I might want it in the morning, so I've come to fetch it."

The voice was George Laking's.

"My God!" cried old Whitburn, wrenching at the body on the floor and turning it over till he could see its face. "What is this? My dear boy Will dead, and by my own hand!"

And, before Laking could stop him, he seized the knife and plunged it in his own breast.

It was not till the inquest that the facts were explained, and even then much of it had to be mere surmise. It was presumed that the soldier had looked into the bar-parlour to bid good-night to the visitor, not knowing that the latter was off to bed, that he had seen the road map on the table and that curiosity had prompted him to sit down and have a look at it.

While he studied the map he must have fallen asleep, and the candle—produced in court—had obviously burnt itself out, leaving the room in darkness. Old Whitburn had mistaken the figure of his grandson for that of his guest.

Young Will had got his discharge

What is a Gentleman?

The grand old name of gentleman.—Tennyson.

Everybody but lawyers has long since formed a new definition of the word gentleman.

The younger son of a peer some little time ago was sued by a number of tradesmen with whom he had run up accounts. His income was limited, and he must have been perfectly well aware that he was unable to pay these bills.

Some of the men whom he thus defrauded were in a small way of business, and the money was of the utmost moment to them. Yet in the eyes of the law he still remains a gentleman. In the view of everybody else he is little better than the commonest swindler.

THE NEW SQUIRE.

We may take the case of a certain wealthy manufacturer who recently purchased a large estate in Bedfordshire. In the good old days this estate was owned by a country squire, who took the warmest interest in all his dependents, who encouraged them to marry, and who established many cottages for their convenience.

The first thing the new owner did on taking up residence was to sack all these old servants and replace them by youths at a minimum wage.

The people of the neighbouring village had been in the habit of taking a short cut through the extensive park, and they had kept strictly to one path, and had done no damage whatsoever, but the manufacturer immediately prosecuted a few of them for trespassing, and left a ferocious dog to deal with any others who might feel disposed to follow their lead.

The young men of the village had for generations played games in a meadow belonging to the estate, but this also the manufacturer closed against them.

Looking at things broadly, you could hardly call him a gentleman, in spite of his wealth, yet wealth still remains the hall-mark by which many define the species.

STANDARDS OF PERFECTION.

"That was a perfect gentleman," remarks the ostler as he pockets the half-sovereign of the departing guest. Possibly the guest has just sworn at the chambermaid for some negligence, and has reduced her to tears, but, even if he knew this, the ostler's verdict would not be changed.

It is not possible to create an exact definition of what a gentleman is, seeing that the points of view are thus so biassed and divergent, but the term is becoming more and more associated with conduct than with wealth.

It was Thackeray who remarked that a gentleman is noble, honourable, and courteous, and exercises all these qualities in a most graceful fashion.

The courtesy demanded of the true gentleman not infrequently demands great self-restraint. A friend of mine is a nurse in a City hospital, and only the other day an old woman, whom she had carefully tended and coaxed back from death's door, slipped into her hand the sum of twopence. The old woman was cured and grateful; she had no idea of the salaries of nurses, and doubtless took them to be women of her own class, and with the wages of ill-paid domestic servants.

Her error was one of judgment, and not of heart, and the nurse, knowing this, took the twopence with a word of thanks for fear of hurting the old woman's feelings. At the first opportunity, of course, she slipped the coppers into the voluntary contribution box.

But for her sex, that nurse might well have been called a gentleman.

Mark Twain was once asked to give his idea of a real gentleman. "Patrick McAleer," he said, "was my coachman on the morning when I drove home my young bride. He was a young Irishman, slender, tall, lithe, honest, truthful, and he never changed in all his life. As our children grew up he was their guide. He was all honour, honesty, and affection. In all the long years Patrick never made a mistake, he never received a command. He knew. I have been asked for my idea of an ideal gentleman, and I give it to you—Patrick McAleer."

BIG-HEARTED, THOUGH HARD-UP.

I have known sturdy miners and fishermen to whom the term gentleman might well be applied, but they erred just as much in their way as does the man who has mere surface polish. What good qualities he possesses are on the surface, to be beheld by every observer; their good qualities are hidden away so far beneath an exterior of apparent discourtesy, roughness, and general boorishness, that only the sympathetic eye would suspect their existence.

The real gentleman, whether there flows in him the blood of kings or of costers, is at his ease in the company of other real gentlemen. Honesty of character is one of the essential constituents of the gentleman, and the man whose heart is honest has nothing that he wants to hide; he is not nervous of being led into some unhappy piece of self-revelation, and he is consequently perfectly self-possessed.

The old forester who is invited to a tenants' dinner is quite at his ease when the squire and the assembled guests speak to him, but he would not be at his ease in the company of wealthy people who were not gentlemen. Honesty of heart is a bond of brotherhood between men of every social class.

THE EFFECT OF SPORT.

In how far should a gentleman be a sportsman? Chesterfield's opinion was that field sports were fit only for bumpkins, but Bishop Welldon has just been telling us that "in the training of an English gentleman games are more important than studies."

In playing games the most dishonourable are rapidly taught to play fair, the most despondent are encouraged to play an up-hill game, the most unchivalrous have forced upon them a sportsmanlike spirit.

Yet a man may be a gentleman and have the characteristics of a sportsman without playing games.

He can take a beating in business without showing ill-feeling; he does not dream of cheating at cards.

Sports and games are useful in moulding an unlovely character into a more beautiful, though conventional, pattern. Happy the man whose character is instinctively good, and who can play games not for their teaching, but just for the fun of the thing.

Knights are made by the King, members of Parliament by the people, but a gentleman is made by God. Thomas Crawford.

OUR IMPERFECTIONS.

Man is the most perfect thing in creation; yet he is not perfect strictly. Take any photograph where the sitter is looking straight towards you, and place the edge of a ruler along the centre line of the face, from the space between the eyebrows to the middle of the upper lip. You will find in almost every case that the nose lies a little to one side of this line. In other words, the nose is not exactly in the middle of the face.

Take the eyes. They are not on the same horizontal line, they are not of equal length, and there is just a shade of difference in their colour, and one is stronger than the other.

Your left foot is larger than your right, because in work and sport you use your right hand and arm, and thus put your weight on your left foot. We are rather a lop-sided lot.

REDUCING YOUR WEIGHT.

FOR THE MAN OF THIRTY-FIVE.

When a man reaches the age of thirty-five he generally begins to grow too fat. It is not the bulk that comes from well-developed muscles, but merely an abnormal growth of adipose tissue; someone has expressed the same thing more delicately as "a gradual descending of the maximum girth from the chest to the waistline."

I am going to say something very brutal, but none the less helpful, to these fat people. I believe they eat too much.

It is true, though perhaps baldly put.

In the course of my ordinary practice I have to be careful not to express such a blunt opinion, or I should lose patients. The physician nowadays has to be something of a business man, and a great deal of a diplomat, if he wants to get a living.

To tell a man, who asks me how to reduce his weight, that he is greedy would arouse his fullest indignation; so I have to give him physic that will allow him to over-eat as usual, but without such ill-effects. To work a cure under these conditions is difficult, to say the least.

In support of my statement I shall ask my readers to observe a fat person at a well-supplied breakfast table. Other people will be content with, perhaps, their porridge, and one other dish—fish, or eggs, or bacon; but the fat man will sample the lot.

The first point in fat-reducing is, therefore, to eat less. I don't mean that the victim of fatness should eat too little, for that would undermine his strength. Let him follow the system of the smallest eater at the table, and bind himself to take no more than he does. In this way he will get as much nourishment as he needs, and his body will not be overloaded with useless food.

I am not going to warn him off milk-puddings and cereals, for I believe that natural liking is a safer guide in the matter of diet than is any system the physician might devise. All I ask is that he should reduce the quantity.

Many practitioners advise their fat patients to take an excessive amount of exercise. I will not take the responsibility of subscribing to any such plan.

In many, if not in most fat people, there is a tendency to weakness of the heart, and violent exercise may have the most disastrous effects.

Let the patient judge for himself. It will be well for him to take as much exercise as he feels fit for, and no more.

Walking won't hurt anybody, and it will help to remove the useless fat. Then the whole body should be strengthened by a course of exercises, such as are described in the physical culture section of this paper. They will not injure the heart unless they are overdone. Particular attention must be given to the bending exercises which strengthen the muscles of the abdomen, so that they may contract and press back the intestines as they ought to do.

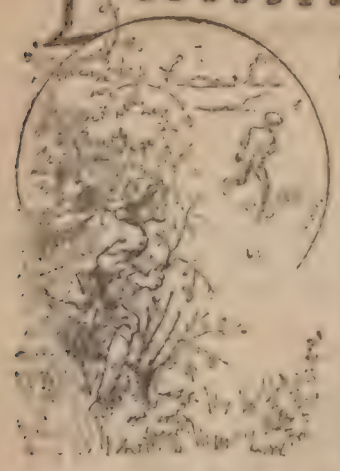
If the fat man knows that his heart is strong, he has an opportunity of developing his muscles which he should not let slip. The superabundant fat forms a reserve which will go to nourish the muscles after they have been strenuously exercised, and he can rapidly remove his bulk from the wrong places to those positions where it is ornamental, and he will change it in the process from adipose tissue to muscle.

Frequent warm baths will also help him greatly, for they will sweat some of the fat out of him, and assist the skin in the exercise of its functions. The skin is one of the body's ventilators, and we must not let its pores become clogged.

Then I should advise the fat man to take life a little more seriously. You don't get too fat in this busy world if you do your fair share of work. Let him exercise his brain as well as his body. The hard-thinker is never a Falstaff.

E. L. Robertson, M.B.Ch.M.

TRAINED IN SECRET.



COMPLETE SHORT STORY

By GUY FORREST.

I had been keeping my eye on Clockwork for many weeks, but suddenly the horse disappeared as if it had been spirited away by magic.

You may want to know why I was interested in this particular animal, and I might if I felt so minded tell you that I wanted to know exactly how it was going on in order that I might give my clients the straight tip, for I am a turf tipster. To tell you that, however, would not be the truth—not that I am a stickler for truth in the ordinary way but that I must tell it in this instance in order to make my story plain.

My reason for watching the horse was what you might call indefinite. It was generally believed that Clockwork would win the Derby, and it always pays to watch a favourite. You never know what accident may occur to give you a special advantage over the betting public, nor is there any knowing when you may have a chance of hocussing a horse and so bringing off a nice little deal by betting against it.

Well, as I have said, Clockwork vanished from Epsom.

I made lots of inquiries, and gradually found that it was being trained somewhere in the country in secret, so that nobody would know exactly what progress it was making.

It was by a bit of sheer good luck that I discovered shortly afterwards that it was stationed somewhere in the neighbourhood of Bath, and to Bath I accordingly betook myself.

Bit by bit I picked up certain facts concerning the training of Clockwork. I learnt, for example, that he had been taken out of the hands of his previous trainer and was now in charge of a young colonial, Jack Glover, a nephew of the owner.

This was disconcerting news. Had the horse still been under the care of its previous trainer I would have been able to recognise him at once, and to follow him till I located the place where the horse was stabled, but I had not the remotest idea what this Jack Glover might be like.

I reasoned that if the horse was near Bath its trainer would probably pay a visit some time or another to that city, and that he would most probably patronise a certain public house which is much frequented by sporting men.

To this tavern therefore I betook myself, and after striking up a sort of friendship with the proprietor I asked him whether Jack Glover ever came there. He replied that he did, sometimes twice a week, and that it was by no means unlikely that he would put in an appearance that very day.

I sat there most of the morning and part of the afternoon drinking and waiting. The proprietor of the pub. asked me what I wanted with Mr. Glover, but I managed to throw him off the scent.

About three o'clock he signalled to me and I crossed over to the bar. Pointing to a great broad-shouldered young brute with a red tie, he whispered: "There's your man." So I kept my eyes peeled, and waited for Mr. Jack Glover to make a move.

He was chatting with some friends at the other end of the bar, and he did not observe me at all, which suited my purpose the better. Presently he bade them good-bye and went out into the street.

I followed him on the other side and saw him enter a cycle shop, from which he wheeled out a bicycle.

Without a moment's hesitation I went into the shop and hired the best bicycle in the place. Being unknown to the shopman I had to deposit the price of it, but I was not at the time short of funds. Sometimes, you know, my luck is in.

When I returned to the street I observed my quarry just turning a corner at the other end of it, and I promptly gave chase.

I determined never to let him get far in front of me, for there were many unexpected turnings which he might take, but it was easier to decide than to do, for he rode on at a terrific rate. By and by we came out of the city and I could see that we were on the main road to London.

It was beastly riding when we got out in the country, for the roads were dusty and unpleasant, and the motor 'buses that run on this section of the highway filled my eyes and mouth with grit. Remember that I am not an athlete, and that I never train on anything more self-denying than beer and tobacco, and you will get some idea of that run.

When we had ridden a distance of what seemed to me a hundred miles, we reached the village of Box and I saw my man dismount and put his bicycle into a public house.

I drew up some way down the road and pretended to be adjusting the nuts of my machine, keeping a close eye on the tavern all the time.

I think that momentary rest was about the most pleasant thing I ever struck. The sweat was dripping off my face and the dust had stuck on it and made little rivers of mud down my cheeks. My throat was dryer than a brick and I dared not go and have a drink in case I should miss him.

Just as my clothes were beginning to feel chilly against my skin, I saw somebody run out from the back of the public house and jump over a low garden wall. From my position I could see through a gap in the hedge, and there could be no mistaking the burly figure of my quarry.

To follow on my bicycle was out of the question, for he was cutting across the open country, so I rode to the nearest shop, asked them to stable my bike for an hour or so, and set off in pursuit.

I am doing myself a great unkindness in writing about this, for I bring back to memory the most dreadful afternoon of my whole life.

When I entered the field where I had last seen him I peered in the direction in which he had gone and could just see his figure scampering nimbly at the side of a hedge. Off I went as best I could, and gradually I lessened the distance between us, for he was going at an easy jog trot and I could have overtaken him just then had it suited my purpose.

On over the ploughed fields this brute tore till we must have covered at least three miles. Then he disappeared behind a slight rise in the ground, and when I topped it I saw that in front of us was a biggish stream. He had jumped over it and was spanking along on the other side, and I knew that I should lose him unless I also could manage somehow or other to cross the water.

"What others have done you can do," I said to myself, remembering a text that I used to have to write in my schoolboy days, and so I searched for a place where the stream seemed narrowest, retired a few paces, made a rush, and jumped.

I knew I was lost long before the actual catastrophe occurred.

When I was right above that water—and I seemed to hover over it like a bird for ages—I realised that I would never reach the opposite bank in safety. I was quite right, for suddenly I began to drop, and in another moment I landed in the water.

I can't swim, but I lashed the water with my arms and legs as best I could, and presently the current grounded me against the opposite bank. You may think I was in luck just there, but that is ignorance on your part, for the place where I had been deposited was little better than a quagmire.

It was impossible for me to wade out, for my feet slipped at every step, and I began to see that my only hope of reaching solid earth was to crawl over the mud, flat ways.

My face must have been very dirty when I finally stood on the opposite bank, for I know I had to wipe the mud out of my eyes before I could see.

But I am a true sportsman, and I was determined not to give up the chase, so I looked about me to see if my intended victim was still in sight.

I was just in time, for as I raised my eyes, I caught a glimpse of him vanishing into a wood.

Over the ground I raced till I also got into the wood, but I must have taken a wrong direction, for presently I found myself in the midst of a thicket of brambles through which there seemed no exit.

I tore my way through them, and they tore their way through part of me, but at last I emerged at the other side and once more scanned the horizon for my quarry. He was not so far in front of me this time, so I plodded behind him more dead than alive.

I passed some children sitting on a stile, and the youngest of them appeared to be taken with some species of fit, and a girl who was in charge of them accused me of having frightened Tilly to death, or at least of having induced an attack of jaundice, which she said was invariably caused by acute disgust.

In the distance I could see a large and soft looking hay rick, and it seemed to me that it would be a delicious thing to throw myself against it and rest there for hours and hours.

In fact, I felt that I would be obliged to do so, for my energies had long since been spent. I must have been thinking too much of this rick, for when I got alongside it I discovered that my quarry was nowhere in sight. It seemed an intervention of Providence—what you might call a hundred to one chance—so I determined then and there to give up the chase and to enjoy a well earned rest.

With my back against the rick I was contemplating the beauty of the setting sun, and wiping some of the slime from my clothes with a bunch of hay, when something caused me to look to one side.

There, grinning at me round the corner of the rick, was the most diabolical face it has ever been my misfortune to see. It was distorted with brutal glee and evident joy at my discomfort and I could almost have found it in me to be rude, but the other party spoke first.

"Well," he said, "we've had a nice little run, haven't we? But I'd like to know what I've done to receive the benefit of your company. I'm afraid you must have made some error, because I don't think I've set eyes on you before. You see," he added thoughtfully, "I don't go often to the Zoo now."

"Sir," I said, with as much dignity as I could muster, "if I am not mistaken you are Mr. Jack Glover? You will not know my name nor is it necessary that you should do so."

"Jack Glover?" he cried. "Well, that's a good one. No, I'm not Jack Glover, and anybody that pointed me out to you as him must have been playing a game with you; but I know Jack Glover, and I expect you're up to some mischief and want to get hold of him.

"My name is Bill Blogson, commonly known as the Birmingham Basher and, so far, admitted heavy-weight champion of the kingdom. I'm training just now for the great match that is coming off next week, and I find cycling and cross-country running as good as anything.

"Punching ball practice is another good exercise, and I feel just in tip top condition for a spell of it at the present moment, only I haven't got a punching ball handy, but I'm sure you would oblige seeing that I'm the defender of England's fame in the coming match."

And I was obliged to oblige.

I am going to give up touting and tipping. It is too dangerous and nerve racking. I'm thinking of setting up a bucket shop or promoting a company or doing something else that's shady and safe.

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STOWAWAYS.

What is a ship but a prison.—Burton.

Though I cannot sympathise with a man for cheating the shipowner by stealing a passage, yet I can understand his motives; what beats me is where the average stowaway gets his assurance from.

Find him and set him to a job, and he will work more unpleasantly and grumble more at the grub than a Socialist could do if ever a Socialist did sailorman's work. He appears to consider that, in outwitting you by successfully hiding himself, he has paid the equivalent of his passage money, and he lets you know pretty frankly that you are ten different kinds of bully for making him work his way. It is not the mere conveyance that we grudge, but the food, for we cannot allow even a stowaway to starve.

There was the man whom we discovered on one of my earliest voyages home from China when the ship was a few days out of Shanghai. If I reproduce here the things the old man said when we brought the stowaway before him, this paper would be ordered to be burned by the public hangman. We were none too well provisioned, and feeding that stowaway for the weeks during the home passage would have been a big order. The skipper at length calmed down, because there seemed no way out of the trouble, as we were not intending to touch any port till we got home.

The stowaway, imagining himself now secure, began to be very pleased, and even to give himself airs, but we took the wind out of his sails when we sighted a tug going back to Hong-Kong. We signalled her, and got him transferred at a cost of half-a-sovereign. What the stowaway said as he went over the side quite put the skipper's remarks in the shade.

Stowaways are a regular nuisance at every large port, particularly those touched in the transatlantic trade. I have seen a score unearthed half-an-hour before a vessel sailed from the Liverpool docks, most of them aliens, and some of them dirty enough to spread a plague over the whole ship.

In fact, plague is very frequently taken from one place to another in this manner. There is little doubt now but that the outbreak some time ago in Glasgow originated from the stowaway who boarded the steamer in Cairo.

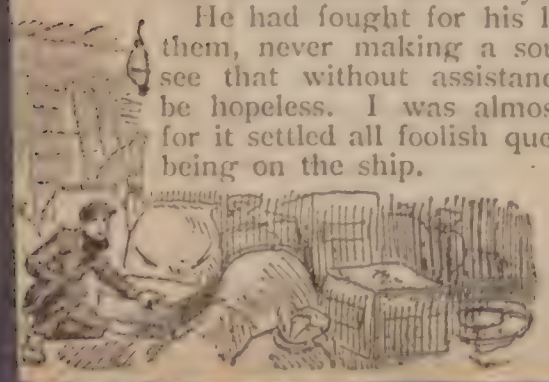
Even if the men are healthy to start with they are in a pitiable and filthy condition by the end of the voyage, for living in a space about the size of an ordinary cupboard does not meet with the modern acceptation of cleanliness.

Shortly after the wreck of the *Berlin* off the Hook of Holland, I was in command of a ship also named after a city, and there is a growing superstition amongst sailors that ships so christened are unlucky. We had some desertions amongst the crew before this voyage commenced, and during the trip one of the engineers was badly scalded by the bursting of a tube. We nursed him carefully, but he died, and we buried the poor fellow at sea.

On the following night, however, there were heard unmistakable cries of agony from somewhere below decks, and more than one man asserted that it was the ghost of the engineer screaming with pain just as he had done before we gave him a sedative.

The first mate and I went down to the hold and explored, and presently we discovered a man, with his fingers bleeding and his eyes starting from his head with fear. We were loaded with ore, and the rats, having nothing to eat, had, after a few days' starvation, become savage with hunger, and had attacked the unfortunate stowaway.

He had fought for his life with hundreds of them, never making a sound till he began to see that without assistance the battle would be hopeless. I was almost glad to find him, for it settled all foolish questions about a ghost being on the ship. Francis Ord.



The Dandy's Toilet

Thus are the marks of time removed.—Wilcox.

Between ten and eleven o'clock the dandy is awakened. After a leisurely breakfast he betakes himself to the club, and in the course of the afternoon he reaches the salon of the beauty specialist, where we propose to watch him with some attention.

His weakness is vanity, but this he will not confess. Probably his first youth is past. If it is not, late hours make it appear to be.

"I've got such a headache," he remarks to the obsequious foreigner who runs the establishment. "I wonder if you could do anything for me?"

It is the formula with which he generally opens his visits, and the specialist, understanding him, suggests that face massage is the best possible remedy for headache.

It is so. As a matter of fact there is a little barber's shop not very far from the House of Commons where M.P.'s resort to have their faces massaged, because they have discovered that by inducing blood to circulate freely in the face the brain is refreshed.

SIGNS OF AGE AND DISSIPATION.

The dandy's case might be regarded as parallel were it not for the essential difference that he has no headache. A sense of the ridiculous remains with him, and though the purpose of his visits is to have the signs of age and dissipation removed, he pleads the more masculine excuse of seeking a headache cure.

The specialist does not smile, however much these preliminaries may tickle him. He is a master of tact, and without loss of time he conducts his client to his operating chair.

It is not unlike a dentist's torture seat. When the victim has placed himself upon it, racks and levers are moved till he is thrown in the best position for operations. His collar and tie are taken off. A white waterproof sheet is tucked about his neck, and over it is placed a cover of towelling. On a gas ring a brass kettle is boiling; from the spout projects a flexible metal pipe, and the steam issuing from it is directed against the face of the dandy.

The sensation at first is unpleasant. The dandy feels that his skin is being scalded from his flesh, but he sits stoically, and presently the blood begins to tingle to his cheeks in response to the warmth of the steam. Soon the perspiration issues from the pores, bringing with it every particle of London dirt that may have found its way into the cuticle.

THESE CALL THEMSELVES MEN.

This operation has been merely a preliminary canter. The work commences now in earnest. The crow's-feet that have gathered about the eyes of the dandy are manipulated with massage rollers till they disappear. Various ointments are applied to the face meanwhile to prevent the friction of the rollers from injuring the skin.

When at length the face appears to have all the plumpness and smoothness attainable, the attention of the operator is turned to the improvement of the skin. Every vestige of ointment is wiped off, and a paste is rubbed into the pores. This paste is not unlike thin porridge.

Untiringly the specialist works it into the skin until the liquid part of it has evaporated and only the fine powdery oatmeal it is made of is left visible. Then once more the face is bathed with a perfumed lotion.

Now comes a brief consultation between the dandy and the beautifier. The specialist would like to finish off his face with a thin application of powder, and possibly a touch of rouge, and if the client is getting on in years that is the treatment he is likely to have.

On the other hand, if the dandy is still young, he may have sense enough to see the absurd effeminacy in the powder and rouge, and may stipulate in their place for a sportsman-like tan.

If such be his choice a decoction of walnut juice is sprayed over his features, leaving them exactly as if he had just returned from a few days at the seaside. When this lotion is dry, the specialist slaps his cheeks gently, the tips of his ears, and his chin, until a rosy glow appears at each of these points. This result is facilitated by a sharp breeze produced by an electric fan

The dandy's hair is then most carefully dressed, and he is shown into another room, where he submits himself to the process of manicuring.

The charges vary according to the establishment, the usual fee for face treatment being a guinea, or two guineas if it takes an hour; and for manicuring half a guinea. H. B. Impy.

ROYAL HORSEMEN.

Forty years ago the King, as a gentleman rider, piloted his own horse Rupee to victory at a military race meeting held at Curragh Camp. In his young days there were few horsemen to beat him, but now he contents himself with a gentle trot on an easy-going cob.

The King of Italy is fond of riding and driving. He has over twenty horses reserved exclusively for the saddle. His neighbour, King George of Greece, however, dislikes riding, and is never seen astride a horse except at military reviews.

The Prince of Wales and his cousin the Tsar are both good horsemen, the latter forgetting all his usual nervousness while he is in the saddle. King Haakon of Norway is only fairly clever in the pigskin, and he is not partial to taking fences if there is a gate anywhere handy.

King Alfonso, as a result of endless lessons in the riding school at Madrid, is a very good horseman, and can ride to hounds surprisingly well for a foreigner. He rides every day, and often takes out several horses in succession. A spectator who observed the ease and firmness with which he kept his seat on a restive mount once observed that he sat it like a monkey.

His crippled arm places the Kaiser at a great disadvantage as a horseman. He needs assistance in mounting, and all his riding horses are specially selected for their quietness. He likes best to appear in public mounted, as he looks very insignificant on foot, being only five feet five.

WHY DESPAIR GIVES STRENGTH.

The other day a couple of detectives arrested a man in the Strand; he struggled, and a policeman came to their assistance. Instead of yielding quietly, he fought the harder, and presently he wrenched himself from the grasp of the three men, dashed down a side street and escaped.

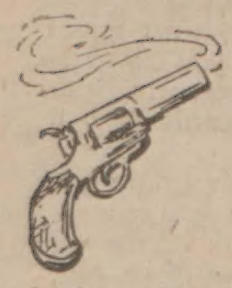
He was only a little slip of a man. Whence came his strength?

His escape was a practical demonstration of a scientific fact, the power of the mind over the muscles. If you want to do your best in anything where bodily strength is needed, your mind must be free from nervousness or fear. Desperation or insanity removes the trammels of these sensations, and the muscles are left unhampered to do their utmost. Hence comes the superhuman strength of the madman or the person in desperate straits.

This is a thing worth the athlete's notice. If he is to do his utmost he must have his mind under absolute control, so that the weakening sensations of nervousness and fear of failure may be removed till the thing has been accomplished.

He can acquire the power of so controlling his mind only by practice; and this is one of the advantages of all forms of athletics—your will power is strengthened in a way that proves useful to you in every walk of life.

Anthony North's Exit



COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By

T. C. WRIGHT.

Anthony North came home very early from the office that afternoon, and he worked busily in his library till far into the night. Into the blazing fire he thrust paper after paper, while Nick, his Scotch terrier, kept the armchair warm and occasionally blinked at his master approvingly.

The name of Anthony North was one to conjure with in the commercial world of London. To shake hands with him in a restaurant was to prove yourself a man of some importance, for the friends of Anthony North were without exception substantial.

The palatial offices of the Golden East Syndicate, under which title Mr. North transacted his business, were visited by men from all quarters of the earth, for, apart altogether from the architectural beauty of the building, the interior showed a degree of luxury which is unusual even in the offices of the wealthiest firms. From the stalwart commissionaires who stood at the door to the prosperous manager, the staff also exhibited an air of prosperity, for Anthony North believed in paying his people well.

And yet in spite of it all he now stood on the brink of ruin. A time of depression had come in his gigantic business as it is apt to do in a business of whatever size, and to tide it over Mr. North had done various fraudulent things—heartless things his victims would call them. He had forged bills, and the men whose names were concerned had communicated with the police. Within twenty-four hours Mr. North knew that there would be a period to his career.

He faced the trouble calmly, as was his habit with all business worries.

"It seems a hard thing," he remarked to the dog, as he tore up a private cash book and placed it in the flames leaf by leaf. "After living in the lap of luxury I don't know how you'll like roughing it, old boy."

The dog licked his master's hand, intimating that he held no anxiety as to the future, and Mr. North smiled and resumed his work of destruction.

He reflected upon the consequences of his collapse, and felt thankful that he had never married. He had no one dependent upon him except his employees, and they would doubtless find other work. Private friends he had none, and business friends are not in the habit of breaking their hearts at the downfall of an acquaintance.

It was shortly after midnight when he had cleared out the last drawer of his bureau. He rang the bell and a sleepy servant stifled a yawn and came into the room.

"James," said Mr. North, "I want you to see that Nick here has a very good breakfast to-morrow morning. He is coming with me into town, because I am going to send him to a very dear friend. You need not sit up longer."

James was duly astonished at the order, and he was taking considerable pleasure in the sensation that would be evident amongst his fellow servants when he made his news known in the morning. For years, in fact longer than most of the servants had been there, Nick had been his master's inseparable companion. It was said that when a new servant was being seen with a view to engagement the dog had a trick of showing his teeth, and his master, reading the sign, refused to have anything to do with the applicant thus blackballed. Nick was not popular amongst the servants, for they found him ill-tempered and snappish, and there would be no regret at his departure, but the surprise, James reflected, would be intense.

Mr. North slept as soundly that night as he had ever done, and in the morning he looked out from his window across the heath where the sun was playing on the trees and the grass. Nick jumped down from the basket which stood in one corner of the room, put his paws on the window-sill and looked out too. They seemed to understand one another thoroughly and to appreciate the solemn fact that they were in no wise likely to see Hampstead Heath in the morning sunlight again.

Nick was duly breakfasted and when his master stepped into the waiting motor-car he jumped in beside him and squatted on the opposite seat without invitation. The chauffeur, like the other servants, had already heard of Nick's departure, and he expected that he would be commissioned to take the dog to Mr. North's friend, but when they reached the end of the journey Mr. North left the car and stepped across the pavement to his office door, the dog trotting at his heels.

The news soon spread about the office that Mr. North had a dog in his private room, and various were the surmises as to the purpose of its presence there, for the founder of the Golden East Syndicate had always been famous for the ceremony with which he transacted business and for his observance of the strictest office discipline. That he should bring a dog with him to business seemed to the clerks a peculiarly flippant thing to do.

"I believe he's going beagling or coursing or something," remarked a book-keeper, and the suggestion raised a laugh, for Mr. North was well past the prime of life and his inclinations were anything but sporting.

The dog remained in the office during the lunch hour, and about two o'clock Mr. North returned for him, conducted him into a motor-cab which had been summoned and conveyed him to Euston Station. There he gave instructions that Nick should be despatched to the company's Liverpool Station, addressed to Mr. Francis Gardiner, and kept till called for.

His parting with the dog was brief and unemotional.

When Mr. North came back to his office he drew packet after packet of papers and book after book of memoranda from the drawers and shelves, and burnt them. He had scarcely finished his work when a commissionaire entered his room to inform him that it was six o'clock and the motor-car was at the door. Mr. North looked round the room as if he desired to form a lasting mental photograph of it, and then departed.

As he descended in the lift he observed many of his clerks walking down the stairs chatting brightly, glad that the day's work was done. They were as has been said prosperous-looking young men, and they looked for the most part very self-confident, even from their patent leather boots to the white expanse of their collars. Mr. North wondered vaguely how they would look to-morrow morning.

He ordered his motor to stop at a gunsmith's in the Strand, and there he purchased a revolver of a heavy pattern, with only a dozen cartridges. He mentioned his name incidentally to the shopman, for he wanted the man to be able to give definite evidence.

It was half past six when his car drew up at the door of his mansion. As he crossed the threshold the footman observed, as he swore afterwards, that he appeared to be suffering from great anxiety, a fact which was corroborated by the butler, who to his surprise found at dinner that Mr. North had for the first time in his experience wholly lost his appetite.

When the meal was finished the butler came into the dining-room unexpectedly and saw something like a revolver in Mr. North's hand, but the latter put it away so quickly that the man could not be absolutely certain.

Presently Mr. North betook himself again to his library, where he sat in an arm chair waiting patiently, watching the hands of the clock on the mantelpiece. It was now a quarter past seven. At eight o'clock the police would come to arrest him. He had had this information from someone inside Scotland Yard, and he counted upon its being infallible. When the clock pointed to half past seven he roused himself, put on a cap and left the house. The footman watched him cross the road to the Heath, and wondered greatly, for his master had not been in the habit of going out after dinner.

Below stairs an animated discussion was going on as to what could have happened to induce Mr. North to alter his mode of life so suddenly. The cook gave it as her opinion that he must be in love, but the butler came nearest the mark when he pronounced his finding that millionaires always had uneasy minds because they didn't make their fortunes honestly.

If the servants had enjoyed some excellent food for gossip and surmise during that day, they learned just on the stroke of eight o'clock a fact that would stand out with them as the leading sensation of their lives. A cab drove up to the door of Mr. North's mansion, and an inspector and three constables came up the steps.

They were assured by the servants that Mr. North had gone out, but while one of the constables remained at the door the three others made a minute search from cellar to attic. They found nothing. Then the inspector began to fear that his man might have got wind of the danger in store, and, too late, he resolved to take the footman's word and search the Heath in the direction indicated.

It was now perfectly dark, and their search proved so difficult that the inspector was about to order his men to return to headquarters even though by so doing he was admitting himself baffled. Suddenly one of the men observed a body lying at the side of the path.

They crowded about it and congratulated themselves that if they had not captured their man alive they had at least been half successful for he had not quite escaped from them. The face of the dead man had been blown away, but there could be no mistaking the clothes, and the inspector while searching his pockets discovered several letters addressed to Anthony North, Esq.

Such was the dramatic end of Anthony North and the Golden East Syndicate, so far as the public ever learned.

* * * * * * *

Early next morning a man giving the name of Francis Gardiner called at the London and North Western Railway Station in Liverpool and asked whether they had a dog for him. Nick was extravagant in his joy at the re-union, for he recognised his master even though the latter had shaved his moustache and side whiskers and was now dressed in tweeds of a pronounced check.

"Poor old Nick," said Mr. North, as he and the dog drove together from the station to the landing stage. "I don't know how you'll like living in America, but you would not have me leave you behind, I know."

The dog poked his nose into his master's hand.

"It was a nasty business, take it all over," Mr. North continued, "and I thought my nerve would give way when I fired into the face of the dead man after I had taken his clothes and put mine upon him; but it had to be done, for he was not at all like me. I ought to thank my luck that I found a suicide on the Heath so opportunely. It simplified matters very much, and I have little doubt that you and I will long live to enjoy the money I cabled yesterday to New York. You will never give me away Nick, will you?"

And the unjust Nick wagged his tail in signification of his full approval.

The Outer Man

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

A CHANGE OF CLOTHES.

The exhilarating effect of changing one's clothes is known to everybody who is in the habit of doing it. I should like those who are not in that habit to experience it.

Even if one does not put on evening clothes for dinner, it is just as well to wear something different in the evening from what you have been working in all day. You can make it a matter of economy if you like by wearing an old suit in the evenings.

A suit gathers about it a certain number of associations. It was in this envelope that you endured the drudgery of your day's work, and, when you cast aside the cares of labour and blossom for a while into your own true self, you will find it easier to banish thoughts of work by taking off the working suit.

Dr. Hollander, the eminent nerve specialist, once said to me that a change of clothing affects the nerves of the skin, thus causing a reflex action on the more important nerves and producing the sense of exhilaration.

Be that as it may, a change of clothes is one of the best tonics I know, and when I am tired I always freshen myself up by getting into other togs.

CHEAP TROUSERS PRESS.

A correspondent is good enough to send me a useful hint which I shall pass on for the benefit of my readers. He informs me that for many years he has kept his trousers in excellent condition without having run to the expense of purchasing a trousers press.

When he began to take an interest in dress, he bought a couple of thin deal boards. Between these he folds his trousers and either lays a heavy weight above them or places them beneath the mattress.

Pressing one's trousers by the simple expedient of passing a night above them has long been a favourite scheme of the man of limited means, but my friend's innovation should be a distinct improvement on this, for the boards would prevent any of those transverse creases which too often result from ordinary mattress pressing.

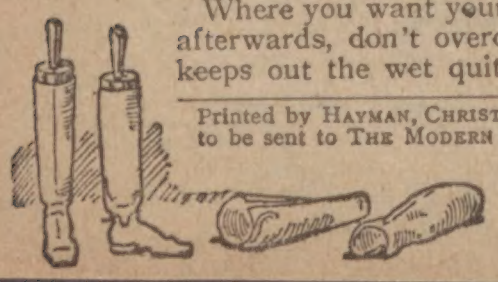
GREASE FOR BOOTS.

Where appearance is subordinated to comfort, as in the case of shooting boots, you will find it advisable from time to time to give them an application of grease; this will help to make them waterproof and will ensure the flexibility of the leather in spite of many wettings.

The main thing is to avoid animal fats of all kinds, for every animal fat is liable to putrefy and generate an evil smell. I remember once buying what a country grocer described as sweet oil and applying it to the soles of a pair of boots. It must have been some vile compound from a slaughterhouse, for in a week or two I found it absolutely impossible to wear these boots at all. As soon as I put them on the heat of my feet brought forth the most offensive vapours from the compound with which the soles were saturated.

Linseed oil, being vegetable, or vaseline, being mineral, do not putrefy and are therefore admirably suitable for greasing boots.

Where you want your boots to take on a polish afterwards, don't overdo the greasing. A little keeps out the wet quite effectively.



DRESS FOR MOTOR-CYCLISTS.

It has taken the motor-cyclist several years to evolve the best outfit for his purpose, but at last these knights of the road have arrived at something like unanimity. The two chief aims are to keep out the dust and to ward off the cold without dressing oneself in garments that will prove too unwieldy.

So far as your upper man is concerned, you may clothe yourself in anything that is sufficiently warm—a double-breasted undervest, a thick waistcoat, and a sweater under your jacket, for example. Over everything wear a thin mackintosh dust-coat, which will not only keep you dry and free from dust, but will also be found to keep in the heat much more efficiently than its weight would lead you to expect.

After many experiments it has been found that the best clothing for the lower limbs is leather breeches and leggings. Black is preferable to brown, for, though petrol itself does not stain, the lubricating oil does. In the matter of boots get a pair that come well over the ankle; otherwise the wind will find its way beneath the foot of your leggings and make its presence known.

Gauntlet gloves are necessities, for nothing else is half as good for keeping the wind from rushing up your sleeves.

HIP POCKETS.

For those who have papers to carry about with them the hip pocket is a most useful receptacle. If you put a bunch of papers in a breast pocket it bulges and spoils the appearance of your coat. The ordinary trousers pocket is, of course, out of the question, but a hip pocket that is cut fairly deep will enable you to carry a considerable package of papers, a pocket-book or anything else that is bulky without showing any outward evidence of the fact.

I do not, however, advocate that everyone should have a hip pocket in his trousers. Though extremely useful, the hip pocket is apt to spoil the set of the trousers a little. You must remember that it is after all a horizontal slit in the cloth, and that the part of the garment which is immediately below it is consequently supported only by the lining and by the cloth at either side, and therefore is apt to sag.

If you do not intend using a hip pocket I should not advise you to have one put in. In any case you would do well to insist on the tailor providing a flap to cover the pocket, and to be fixed down by a button. In this way when the pocket is not used it can be buttoned up and the sagging beneath it prevented.

OUTDOOR SOCKS.

Nothing is more important to the outdoor man than a comfortable pair of socks. Comfort is a characteristic which the average ready-made sock does not possess. If you buy a thick sock in a shop it is ten to one that it will be made of hard, coarse worsted. For comfort in walking you require thick socks, but they must be soft, and the only way I know of obtaining a pair of exactly the ideal substance and make is to persuade a maiden aunt to knit them for you.

For those without maiden aunts let me tender some advice as to the selection of ready-made socks. I am safe in saying that brightly coloured socks should be avoided as the plague. Even after many washings they still retain a vast amount of dye, which is ready to start blood poisoning as soon as the heel becomes abrased with a long walk.

Another point is that one should have no delicacy in telling the hosier the exact size of one's feet. Generally he asks what size of boot you take, and, if you tell him six when the truth is nine, you cannot blame him for selling you socks whose heels come in the middle of your foot instead of where they ought to. I should recommend you to patronise some shop where socks are made a speciality, for there you will manage to get some wool of the same colour, so that the socks may be darned when necessary without any evidence of repair.

HAT WEARING.

I am not a supporter of the no-hat brigade, nor of any other gang of cranks, but I do think that we might with advantage leave off our hats occasionally. For a man to go to work without a hat is merely to court ridicule. For him to go in the sun without one is to invite a headache. But there is no comfort equal to that which you experience when you throw aside the straw or bowler that has been worn during the day and enjoy a game of tennis or a walk in the country without a hat.

I believe, too, that occasionally going hatless has a very good effect on the growth of the hair, but I invite my readers to make the experiment for themselves for the sake of its refreshing qualities. To go hatless when a sharp breeze is blowing may or may not be taking the bread out of the mouths of the hair-sprouter manufacturers, but it is an extremely pleasing sensation.

ARE THEY BOUNDERS?

A London reader sends me a scathing letter directed against the average City clerk. He asserts that the clerk is but a cheap imitation of his employer; from hat to boots he copies his betters, and gives one the impression of being an imitation gentleman instead of an honest worker.

I am afraid I cannot endorse the assertions of my correspondent. I well remember the time when the London clerks adorned their persons with black coats and silk hats. It would have been just as sensible then to have asserted that they were imitating doctors or lawyers. After being many years abroad I returned to London and observed with pleasure the change in men's dress that had taken place during my absence. The stiffness and starchiness of the old get-up had vanished, and in its place was a costume as sensible and comfortable as present fashion will allow.

How clerks manage to dress as well as they do on their incomes has often been a puzzle to me, but that is their business not mine. The main thing is that now that the frock coat has given way to the lounge suit, there is greater scope for the development of individuality. The City looks less sombre, and the clerks seem to be much more comfortable in their clothes.

UNLACING BOOTS.

This is a small matter but worth attention. When you take your boots off see that they are unlaced a goodly part of the way down. It is possible to pull a boot off with very little unlacing, and you may with an effort force it on under the same conditions, but if you do so it is ten to one that you tear the lining, loosen the eyelets or stretch the boot out of shape.

CODDLING CLOTHES.

I am no advocate of crankiness in the matter of dress. I do not believe that people should restrict themselves to natural wool socks, broad toed shoes, and others things of an unsightly character that are alleged to be health giving; but I should like to caution my readers against the prevalent habit of coddling in the matter of clothes.

Mufflers are, perhaps, the worst sinners of all, If you wrap your neck up you make it tender, and your throat is liable to contract various complications if you happen one evening to leave your muffler off. The overcoat is another underminer of health. Believe me, dear reader, it is much better to carry it over your arm than on your back if you find the latter method is making you uncomfortably hot.

The weight of underclothing is a matter of habit very largely. Comparatively thin vests and pants are quite sufficient to preserve the natural heat of the body if they are made of suitable material. To load yourself with underwear of massive texture is to prevent the air from percolating to your skin, and to make yourself less free of movement and less able to resist the inroads of disease.

Printed by HAYMAN, CHRISTY, AND LILLY, LTD., 113-117, Farringdon Road, London, E.C., and published for the Proprietor by ODH[illegible], LTD., 67, Long Acre, W.C. Annual Subscription 8s. 8d., to be sent to THE MODERN MAN Subscription Department, 67, Long Acre, W.C. *Sole Agents for the Colonies:* GORDON & G[illegible] London, etc.; *South Africa:* The Central News Agency Capetown, etc. Registered for Canadian Magazine post.

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